TIME WAS

1944

Best Wishes
Erma Terzos
"45"

Lots of Luck
Erma
"45"
(I love your pretty hair.)

"To a nice, lil' guy,
Pesky
"46"

Have a good summer
"Jackie"

Good Luck Always
Marion
"44"

Lots of luck
"7
Van Zaica

Never forget
Myrtle Beach
Ann
'46'

"Sa d"

Best wishes kid
"Butt"
"46"

Loads of Luck
Rita '46

For Reference
Not to be taken
from this library

Lots of luck
see you next
Basketball

Loads of Luck
Bill '46

Lots of Luck
Bob Eames
'46

Remember our first
year in gym glass —
Madeleine
'46

To Diane, a sweet kid
Barbara Lee

gift of Diana Flynn

Diane Hallett
'46"

To a swell gal,
Irish
'46

Delores Sita
'46

The singing Post
Dorothy Washburn
'46"

All the best
Janice

Luck
Book of Smyth
'46

"I can understanding and true friend"
Jean Gorman
"46"

To a swell "Old Sock"
"Shelly"
"46"

"Sweet Sympedimenta"
Sally
'46

Buena
Suerte Dasa"

Lots of Luck
"Emily"
'46

To Diana-full of
wit and fun
Bro Hamilton
"Rusty"

"Loads of Love & Luck"
Louise "46"

Good Way Luck of Luck
Mary Langley
Kettie Gaar
'46"

"Reminiscences of Days"
"Happy Days"

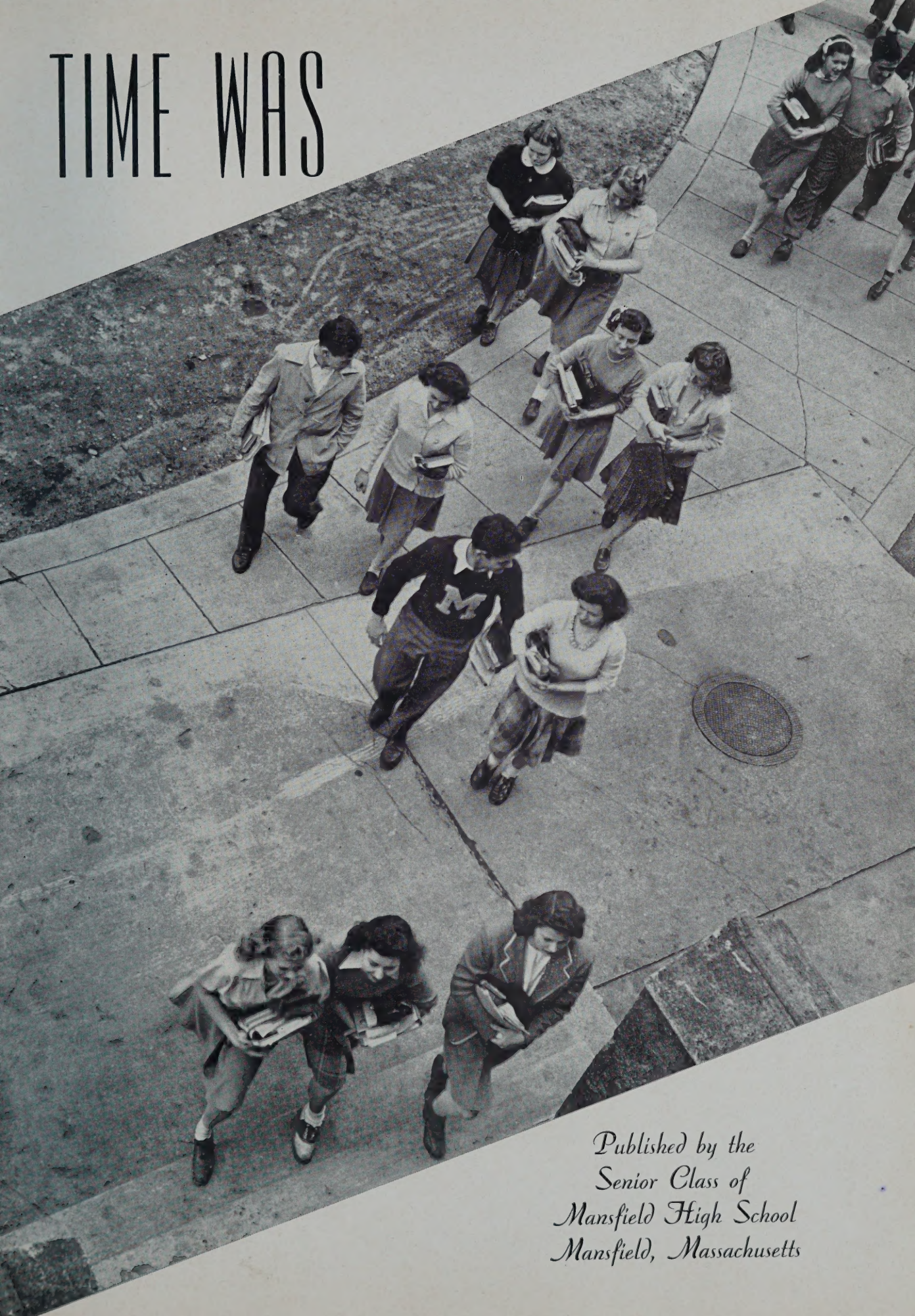
Public
Library

TOWN OF MANSFIELD, MASS.
PRECINCT 1731
INCORPORATED AS A DISTRICT 1770
AS A TOWN IN 1775

presented by

Diana Flynn

TIME WAS



Published by the
Senior Class of
Mansfield High School
Mansfield, Massachusetts

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Conversing *Reading* *Dancing*

Mirroring Our School Life

This, our YEARBOOK, hopes to serve somewhat as a mirror reflecting memories—of our classmates, our teachers, and our school.

Between these covers the staff has compiled a record, in word and picture, of our life at MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.

We can only hope that it holds as many enjoyable hours for you as it has for us.

Cheering *Laughing* *Eating*

Everett W. Robinson

"Thou wert my guide,
philosopher, and friend."

Pope

Dedication

To Mr. Everett W. Robinson we dedicate our YEARBOOK for his untiring efforts and devotion to teaching.

Our own remembrances of him will be among our most cherished in years to come.

"Reason and calm judgment, qualities especially belonging to a leader."

Tacitus

Commencement

Commencement means the beginning of a new life and the making of new and greater responsibilities

No other generation in the history of our country goes forth into new life with as rich a background as has been your privilege to receive through the efforts of your parents, teachers, and friends. On the other hand, what generation of our world has been afforded with the vast opportunities that lie beyond this conflict as will be yours to meet and conquer?

Knowing and working with you has afforded me a pleasure; my only regret is that we haven't had the opportunity of working together for a longer period of time. Now you are Seniors—to-morrow, a high school graduate, looking for adventure, opportunity, and positions of responsibilities. May the dreams of your ambitions come true!

Will you use this thought to serve as your compass in all that you may undertake:

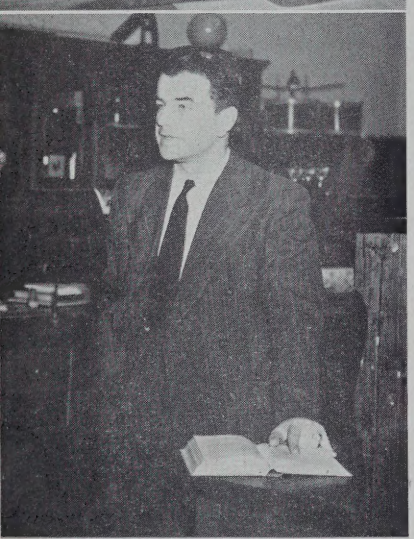
Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

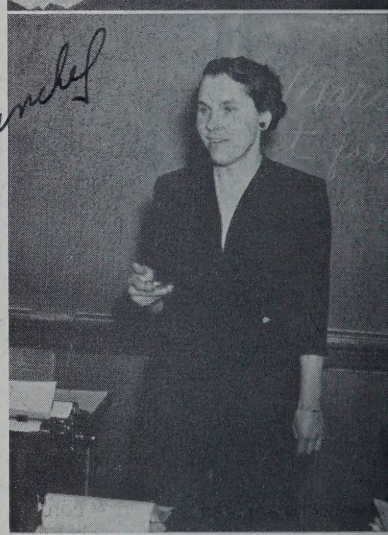
Raymond S. Rocke

The Faculty

By far the most important bill in our whole code, is that for the diffusion of knowledge among the people. No other sure foundation can be devised for the preservation of freedom and happiness.

Thomas Jefferson





HAZEL HADDOX, B.M.

Music

Miss Haddox's friendly smile and gay manner have made her a favorite with all of us.

ETHEL M. ARMSTRONG, B.A.

Mathematics

Her rapid mathematical calculation has amazed all M. H. S. students. She also has an interest in music.

MILDRED L. HANNON, M.A.

English

Miss Hannon's extensive knowledge of English is a source of wonder and delight to us all.

JOHN P. CERTUSE, A.B.

Physics and Athletics

Our well-liked coach, Mr. Certuse, has been the inspiration behind all our teams' endeavors.

ELSA H. HENCHEL, M. E.

Typing

In class Miss Henchel tends strictly to the work at hand; outside of class she is fun-loving.

MARY E. DRISCOLL, B.B.S.

Commercial Subjects

Miss Driscoll's wit and jovial nature add much to our school life.

RAYMOND E. JENKINS, B.B.A.

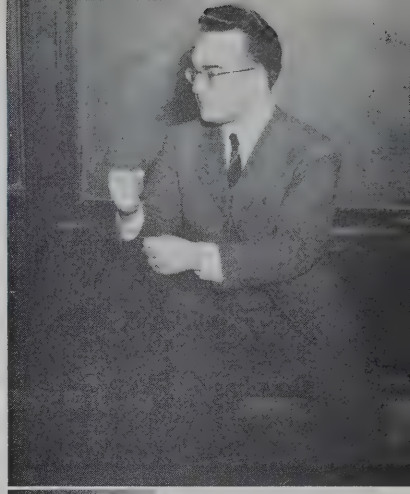
Commercial Subjects

Mr. Jenkin's pleasant smile and helpful nature have made him well-liked by everyone.

MILDRED H. JONES, B.A.

Latin, Biol., World Geog.

Her patience and understanding have been a great aid to our class in planning activities.



THEODORE I. RICCI, JR., M.A.

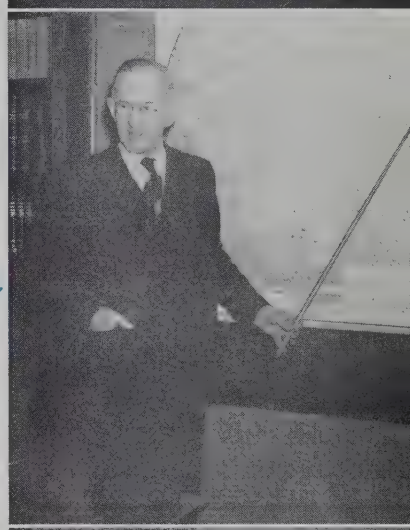
Chem., Aero., Mathematics

In the short time Mr. Ricci has been with us he has added new zest to our school life.

PRISCILLA H. LEWIS

Physical Education

Miss Lewis' vim, vigor and cheery whistle has made her a favorite of all students at M. H. S.



EVERETT W. ROBINSON, M.A.

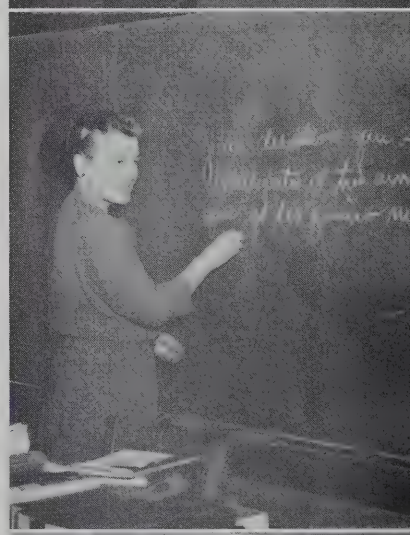
Econ., Amer. and Europ. History

Mr. Robinson was always ready to help us; thus he has become a favorite of all M. H. S. students.

RAYMOND S. LOCKE, M.A.

Principal

Although he has only been at M. H. S. one year we all appreciate him for his leadership and guidance.



AURILLA SHEPARD, A.B.

French, Spanish

Miss Shepard's understanding nature and sweet disposition have made her popular with students.

WINNIFRED C. LYMAN, B.A.

English

Her sweet and friendly manner towards all has made Miss Lyman a favorite teacher at M. H. S.

MILDRED M. WHITMORE

Home Economics

Her excellence in the art of cooking is greatly admired by all her students.

Class History

We were Sophomores, young and green,
Too much heard and never seen.

The above was not always true for on the first day of school way back in 1941 we were seen surging up the front steps at the ringing of the first bell. Meeting us at the front door Mr. Craig *firmly* informed us that *Sophomores* used the side entrances! !

Soon after the opening of school, with the help of our advisor Miss Henchel, we elected as our Class Officers: Russell Williamson—President, John Antosca—Vice-president, Mary Finn—Secretary, and Janelle Swett—Treasurer.

We entered heartily into all school activities and sports, being represented in football by Frank Flammia and William Palanza.

On December 7, 1941 came Pearl Harbor and War. The next morning we came to school with rather half excited, half bewildered expressions on our faces, for even then we realized that ours would not be the common, happy-go-lucky three years in High School.

Our Sophomore year sped by and soon June was upon us. With the excitement of Graduation and the Reception our first year at M. H. S. came to an end.

Juniors go and Juniors come,
Of the many we were some.

In September 1942 we returned to school with a sure step and a laughing eye for now we were the "Jolly Juniors." At an early Class Meeting we elected as our officers: Eleo Zaffini—president, William Nordberg—vice-president, Barbara Dustin—Secretary, and Janelle Swett—Treasurer. Mrs. Whitmore and Mr. Robinson were our advisors this year.

We were well represented in all school sports including football where Frank Flammia, John Antosca, and William Palanza distinguished themselves by winning the varsity "M".

In November we chose our class rings which, much to our joy, arrived the day before Christmas vacation.

Early in April we began making preparations for the reception to be given to the Seniors in June. Because of the new fire laws we were unable to extensively decorate the Town Hall, as in former years. However with the able help of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Certuse we created a festive atmosphere. The reception to our departing friends was a great success in spite of the man-shortage, lack of gas, and all the other curtailments created by the war. This successful affair ended our Junior year.

Starting out in forty-three
We Made Senior History.

We returned as Seniors with the determination to make this year, our last at Mansfield High, one we would never forget. Our principal, Mr. Craig, had left us to accept a commission in the Navy and Mr. Hadlock, affectionately called "Pop", had retired. Mr. Raymond S. Locke of Vermont became our new principal.

Being well satisfied with our class officers we re-elected them for our Senior year, with Miss Jones and Mr. Jenkins as our advisors.

Our football season was a successful one and Frank Flammia, Jack Vallett, John Antosca, Chile Rockwood, Ed Epstein, Bill Palanza, and Bill Nordberg represented the Senior class on the team.

Early in October try-outs for the class play, "Every Family Has One," were held. Chosen as the cast were: John "All or Nothing At All" Antosca, Barbara "Will You Shut Up About The Butter?!" Barrows, Hilda "Jiu-Jitsu" Bernardo, Lena "Come and get it" Cacciagrani, Barbara "Pass me the butter" Dustin, Ruth "If you mean me I'm still breathing" Nelson, John "Crash" Pharmakis, Russell "You build 'em I'll break 'em" Williamson, Dorothy "Sling-shot" St. John, Janelle "I made up my mind" Swett, Jack "Why Haven't you answered my last letter?" Vallett, Seward "Hunk of bone, rag of hair" Tuell. With Miss Margaret Donaghue as our coach rehearsals got under way immediately. A good time was had by all the cast in living the lives of the Reardons. On Thanksgiving night the cast was well rewarded by an enthusiastic audience.

In November Shirley Thurber and Frank Flammia were named co-editors of the YEARBOOK with Mr. Ricci as advisor. A YEARBOOK BOARD was formed which voted on matters of policy for the 1944 YEARBOOK.

About the last of November we decided to hold a mid-winter formal. Will any of us ever forget the "hot and heavy" arguments which livened up our Class Meetings before we decided on New Year's Eve as the time, semi-formality as the dress, and anything we could get for music? Socially it was a successful dance; and although we suffered a heavy financial loss, we came up smiling with still enough money and pep to tackle something else.

I would not like you to think that we thought only of our social life for although we had our clubs, parties, and dances we managed to keep up in our studies. Indeed, a large percentage of the class was found to be on the Honor Roll at the end of each term.

On February 18th we, the Seniors, sponsored a Mardi Gras which turned out to be a party of fun and frolic. The colorful decorations, some of which to this very day remain on the walls of the gym, the crowning of Janelle Swett, Queen, and Jack Vallett, King, and the original costumes all went to make this a long to be remembered dance. And weren't we surprised to find we had two competent "scrub women" on the faculty!

In February we elected Dorothy Bellew as our Good Citizenship Pilgrim to attend the State Convention of the D. A. R. in Boston.

At a Class Meeting in March Mr. Locke announced the honors for Graduation and Class Day as follows: Martha Flint and Shirley Thurber, the two essays; Ruth Nelson, the Class History; Barbara Dustin and Dorothy McKay, the Class Will; Doris Whitehead, the Class Prophecy; and Russell Williamson, the Ode. At this same meeting the program for commencement week was also announced: Baccalaureat Service, June 11th; Class Day, June 12th; Graduation, June 13th; and the Reception, June 15th.

Our last days flew by filled with studies, last minute work on the YEARBOOK, and preparations for Graduation; but in the midst of it all, we found time for the traditional Tramp and Bow Days which gave us many hearty laughs.

This week as we close our history as a class we think of what has happened to us through the sunshine and the rain, the heat and the cold, the fun and the tears; but we know too well that—

Now 'tis June in forty-four
Ah, 'tis sad, there is no more.

Ruth I. Nelson

TIME WAS

Vice Pres. William Nordberg, Pres. Eleo Zaffini
Sec. Barbara Dustin, Treas. Janelle Swett

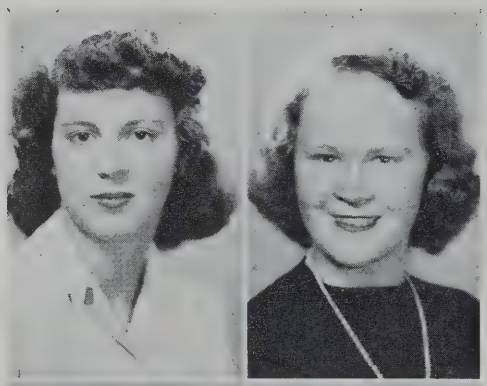
Seniors,

upon the termination of our high school career we leave Mansfield High to face a realistic war-torn world. There will be a great many difficulties in our future work; but with our educational background, we will be able to meet them half-way.

Our high school studies can be compared to our future duties. Graduation exercises do not mean that our preparations have ended.

There is consolation in the fact that we may look forward to a reunion of our class in a world at peace.

ELEO ZAFFINI, *President,* Class of '44



C. LORAINE ANDERSON
Loraine
"Her hair black as night;
Her eyes starry bright."
Although quiet, Loraine is known and admired by all her friends.
A. A. 3, 4
Tatler 4
Statistics of Yearbook
Red Cross, First Aid
Victory Corps 3

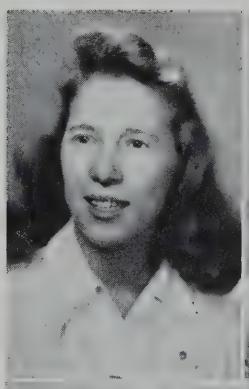
ROSE E. ARMFIELD
Rosie
"A little sweet and a little spice—.
Makes a combination very nice."
Rose's happy-go-lucky manner and devilish grin have made her a favorite with all.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Victory Corps 3

JOHN J. ANTOSCA
Johnnie
"His youth was full of sports."
John used his talents for the benefit of M. H. S.
Vice President 2
A. A. 2, 3, 4 Tatler 4
Baseball 2, 3, 4, Letters
Football 3, 4, Letters
Co-Senior Editor, Yearbook

ELIO B. BACCHIOCCHI
Bacci
"Better to be small and shine,
Than be great and cast a shadow."
A quiet boy with dark hair and a friendly smile.
A. A. 2, 4
Victory Corps 3

CLASS OF '44

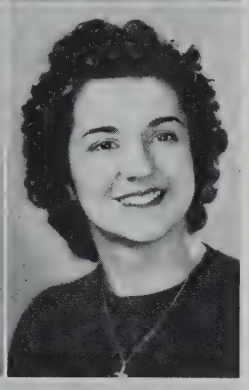
NATHALIE P. BARNES
Nat
"Sincerity is a quality to be admired."
When you first meet Nathalie, she gives you the impression of being quiet, but after a few minutes' conversation you discover she is full of fun and has a sense of humor.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Victory Corps 3



MARY ELLEN BOYNTON
Mary Ellen
"One could mark her merry nature by the twinkle in her eye."
Mary Ellen's sweet personality made her a well-liked girl in our class.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Homemakers Club
English Club 2
Jr. Repr. of Yearbook

BARBARA J. BARROWS
Babs
"Personality is the first rung up the ladder of success."
Babs' vim and vigor were a lively asset to M. H. S.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Drum Majorette 3, 4
Latin and English Clubs 2
Chemistry Club 4
Co-Ch. Statistics Yearbook

VIOLA M. BRAVETTI
Dora
"She smiles and smiles and will not sigh."
Although carefree, Viola is always ready to lend a helping hand.
A. A. 2, 4
Glee Club 2
Yearbook typist

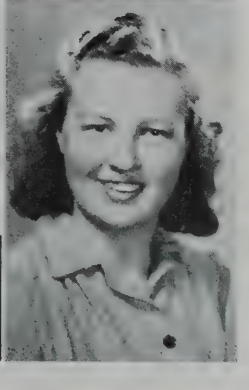


DOROTHY M. BELLEW
Dot
"If you know her,
Something gained;
If you don't,
Something lost."
Dot's fine qualities will be remembered at M. H. S.
A. A. 2, 3, 4 English Club 2
Homemakers Club 2
Yearbook typist
Good Citizenship Delegate

LEAH B. BROWN
Lea
"A disposition like Lea's is sure to win friends."
Lea's light-hearted manner gained for her the friendship of many classmates.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Drum Majorette 2, 3, 4
English Club 2
Tatler 4
Co-Ch. Statistics Yearbook

HILDA A. BERNARDO
Hilda
"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."
Hilda played an important part in our activities.
Sec., Advt. Com., Yearbook
A. A. 2, 3, 4 Basketball 3
English Club, Glee Club 2
Secretary, Chem. Club 4
Managing Editor, Tatler 4

PHYLLIS L. BROWN
Phil
"Silence is more eloquent than words."
Phil's diligence and perseverance will, we know, help her to attain her goal.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Chemistry Club 4
Victory Corps 3



TIME WAS

JANET S. BUCK
Jan
"It is the quiet worker that succeeds."
We are sure Janet's sincerity and willingness will help her reach her goal in her future work.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Chemistry Club 4
English Club 2
Victory Corps 3

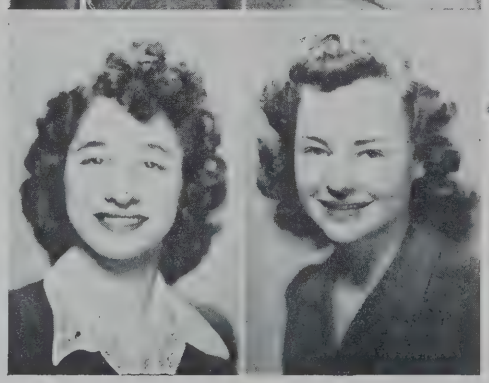
LOUIS J. D'AFILE
Louie
"In silence there is strength."
Louie has never gone out of his way to be noisy and we like him for his fine, quiet, gentlemanly conduct on all occasions.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Victory Corps 3

LENA M. CACCIAGRANI
Catch
"Laughing, talking, full of fun."
Lively and loquacious is Lena. Her gay conversation and wit have made her a welcome member to any group.
A. A. 3
Yearbook typist
Victory Corps 3

DORA G. DeCLEMENTE
Dora
"A good friend is better than silver and gold."
Dora is quiet and unobtrusive but she is well-liked by those who know her.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Victory Corps 3

HAROLD R. COLLINS
Hal
"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."
Harold is a happy-go-lucky fellow who is seldom perturbed. He has a quiet manner which he quickly loses amongst friends.
A. A. 2, 4
Victory Corps 3

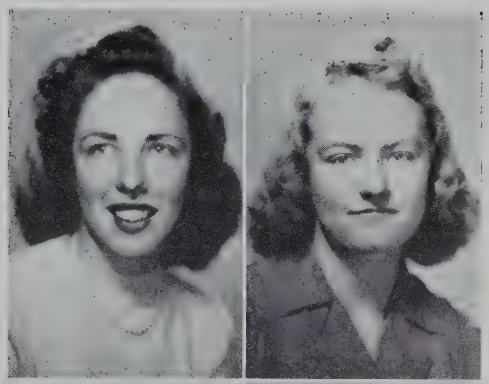
RENA L. DeCLEMENTE
Dec
"Petite, charming and pleasant to be with."
One of Rena's chief interests is basketball. In this she excels.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4; Captain 4
Sec., Advt. Com., Yearbook
Glee Club 2
Victory Corps 3



CLARA R. CUTILLO
Claire
"Those move easiest who have learned to dance."
Petite and peppy, Claire simply loves dancing.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Homemakers Club 2
Glee Club 3, 4
Victory Corps 3
Advt. Comm. of Yearbook

BARBARA F. DUSTIN
Barb
"A combination of charm, poise, and intelligence."
Barb's popularity will be remembered at M. H. S.
A. A. 2, 3; Treasurer 4
Class Secretary 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3; Eng. Club 2
Cheerleader 3; Chem. Club 4
Yearbook, Picture Editor
Letter in cheerleading 3, 4

CLASS OF '44

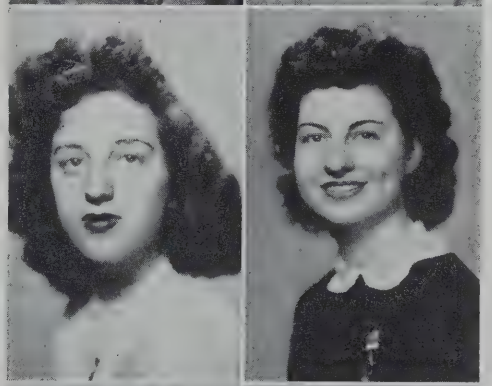


JANET EAMES
Janet
"Smiles are a language all of their own."
Janet's ever-ready smile is a welcome addition on every occasion.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Yearbook Advertising Comm.
Glee Club 3
Victory Corps 3

MARTHA M. FLINT
Mart
"She's an earnest worker with a winning way."
Martha's intelligence amazes all her classmates.
A. A. 2, 3, 4; Chem. Club 4
Statistics Committee
New Century Club 4
Latin Club 2
Glee Club 2
Latin Certificate 2

EDWARD E. EPSTEIN
Clem
"Thou hast wit at will."
Clem is a carefree boy who has a flare for fun.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Baseball 2, 3, 4
Football 3, 4; Manager 3
Baseball Letters 3, 4
Football Letters 3, 4
Math Certificate

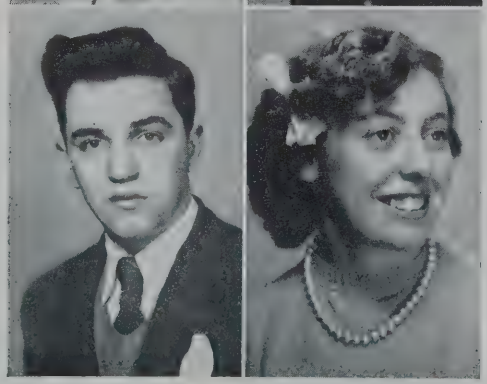
JENNIE M. FORNACIARI
Jennie
"Silence is as great an art as speech."
Jennie is always good-natured and friendly. This, plus her conscientiousness makes her a general favorite.
A. A. 2, 3, 4; Victory Corps 3
Yearbook typist
English Club 2



LOUISE H. FERNANDES
Louise
"You are blessed with a fine sense of dress."
Louise's jet black hair and ivory-white skin are the envy of all the girls.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Yearbook typist
Victory Corps 3

Love to Such
Issie

ISABELLE M. GARLAND
Issie
"True to her work, her word and her friends."
If Issie fulfills her desire to become a nurse we guarantee that her patients won't be anxious to get well.
A. A. 2, 3, 4; Victory Corps 3
Statistics Committee
Tatler 2; English Club 2



FRANK J. FLAMMIA
Frank
"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."
A hard worker, he takes part in all activities.
A. A. 2, 3, 4; Vice-pres. 2
Football 2, 3; Captain 4
Baseball 2, 3, 4
Basketball manager 3, 4
Tatler, Editor-in-chief 4
Yearbook, Editor-in-chief

LILLIAN M. GORDON
Lil
"Good things come in small packages."
Always ready to take or make a joke, Lillian is forever happy.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Victory Corps 3
Yearbook typist

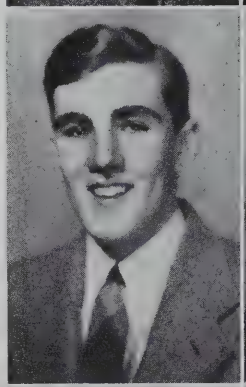
TIME WAS

JOHN R. GRUNDY
Johnnie
"A good athlete as well as a good student."
He is a good-natured chap whose smile is the essence of true friendship.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Latin Club 2
Chemistry Club 4
Baseball 2, 3; Captain 4
Baseball Letter 2, 3, 4

DOROTHY E. McKAY
Dot
"A merry lass with a winning heart."
As good natured as they come, Dot has won a host of friends at M. H. S.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Tatler 4 English Club 2
Basketball 2, 3; Letter 2
Yearbook Typing Chairman
Homemakers Club 2

Lots of Luck
Charlotte

RONALD E. KING
Kingy
"A true friend is forever a friend."
Ronald is a quiet, likable fellow with an unobstrusive manner.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Chemistry Club 4
Basketball 3, 4
Baseball 3, 4



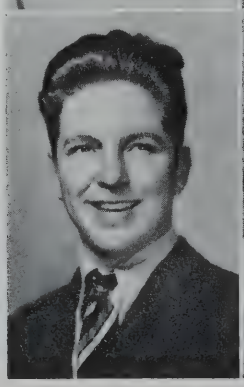
CHARLOTTE L. MORSE
Charlie
"Not quiet, not loud, not short, not tall; but a mingling of them all."
She has wit along with ability and much sense.
A. A. 2, 3, 4; Chem. Club 4
Statistics Committee
Latin and English Clubs 2
Tatler—Asst. Soph. Ed. 2
Tatler—Asst. Jr. Ed. 3

LILLIAN A. LINCKS
Lillian
"A mild and peaceful girl."
Lillian is a quiet and reserved girl. She is a well-liked member of our class and we hope she succeeds in life.
A. A. 2, 4
Victory Corps 3

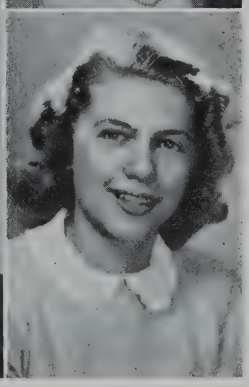
SHIRLEY L. MUNRO
Shirl
"An affable and courteous miss."
Shirley is the friendly type of person that everyone likes. She is sure to flash you a radiant smile as she passes by.
Homemakers Club 2
Victory Corps 3

Best of luck
everything,
Ruthie

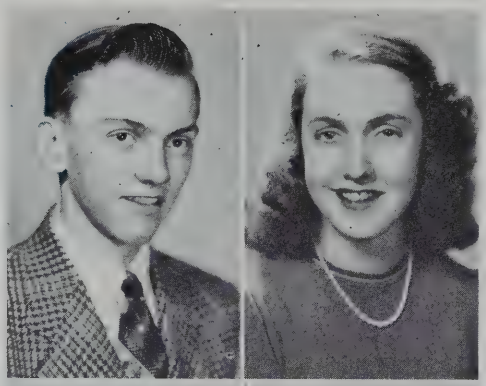
ROBERT MASON
Bob
"What's the use of worrying?"
Robert is a very intelligent member of our class and we are sure he will succeed in the future.
A. A. 3, 4
Victory Corps 3



RUTH I. NELSON
Ruthie
"Always ready for work or pleasure."
Ruthie has been a leader in all school functions.
English and Latin Clubs 2
A. A. 2, 3, 4
U. S. History D. A. R. award
Tatler 3, 4 Glee Club 3
Spanish and French Clubs 3
Co-Bus. Mgr. of Yearbook

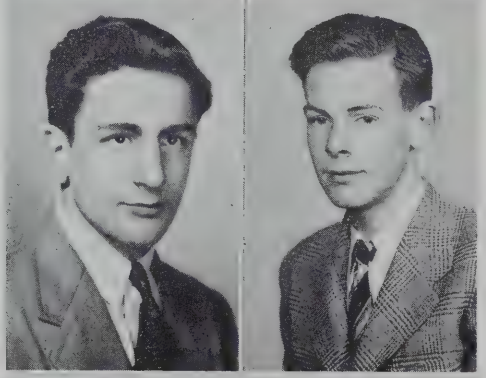


CLASS OF '44



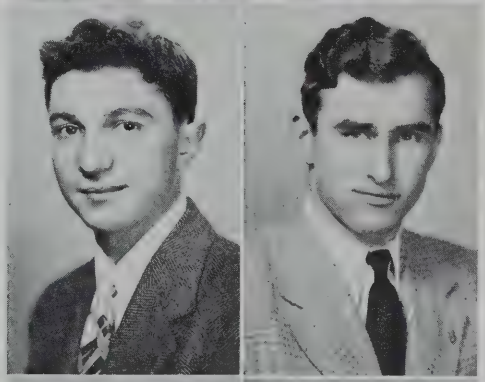
WILLIAM A. NORDBERG
Billy
"A well-liked fellow—willing and obliging."
Industrious, well-mannered and witty is Bill.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Baseball 2, 3, 4
Football 2, 4 Letter 4
Vice President 3, 4
Basketball 2, 4 Letter 4

LILLIAN V. H. RANDOLPH
Lil
"Silence is one great art of conversation."
Taking everything in a quiet, lady-like manner Lillain has had much experience in the art of being calm.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Victory Corps 3



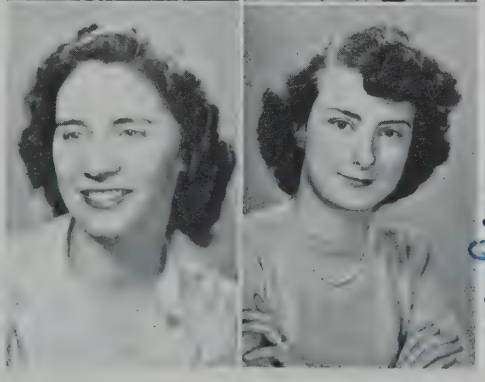
WILLIAM L. PALANZA
Bill
"Speech is silver, silence is golden."
Bill is a fellow who goes his way quietly. He is a shy conversationalist, but stay with him a while and he'll really talk it up.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Football Letters 3, 4

B. LESLIE RATHBUN, JR.
Les
"He smiles while he works."
Les' interest in chemistry leads us to believe that he will become a great chemist in the years to come.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Chem. Club, Vice Pres. 4
Asst. Dummy Chief—Yearbook



JOHN T. PHARMAKIS
Greek
"The birds can fly and why can't I?"
Johnny's smile is contagious to those around him.
A. A. 2, 4 Chem Club 4
Tatler Artist 4
Football 4
Glee Club 2
Victory Corps 3

CHARLES R. ROCKWOOD
Chili
"His athletic ability has won him fame."
Chili is an easy-going boy with a carefree way.
A. A. 2, 3, president 4
Chem. and Aero. Clubs 4
Glee Club 2, 3
Football 2, 3, 4
Basketball 2, 3
Tatler, sports editor 4



ELEANOR L. PIERCE
Ellie
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."
An ever-ready smile and a pleasing manner have made Ellie a favorite with her classmates.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Math Certificate 2
Homemakers Club 2
Victory Corps 3

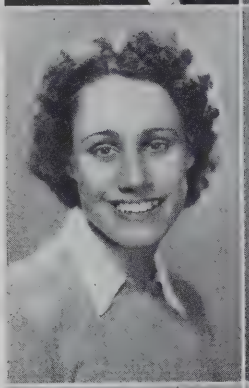
DOROTHY A. ST. JOHN
Dotty
"Always full of fun, you bet—just the girl you can't forget."
She's jolly and vivacious.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Chem. Club, Treasurer 4
Tatler 4
Yearbook Artist 4
Spanish Club 3

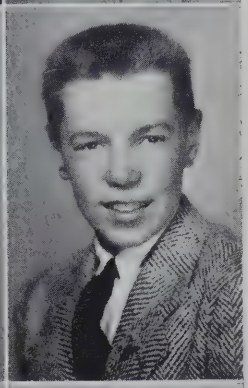
TIME WAS

KATHERINE E. SHEEHAN
Kay
"So cheerful, gay and happy."
Kay's love of clothes has made her one of the best dressed girls at M.H.S.; her vivaciousness has made her one of the best-liked.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Victory Corps 3

ARLENE K. TROESCH
Arlene
"Softly speaks and sweetly smiles."
Although seemingly reserved, Arlene is known to add wit and sparkle to any gathering.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Chemistry Club 4
Basketball 3
Victory Corps 3

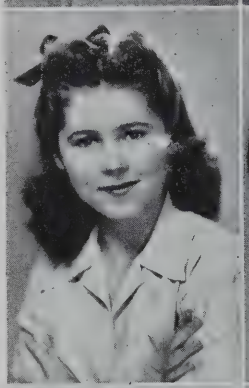
HILDEGARDE I. SMITH
Hilda
"Patience is a remedy for everything."
Hilda was quiet in school, but we believe the saying, "Silence is golden." We hope her silence will make her future years even more golden.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Victory Corps 3





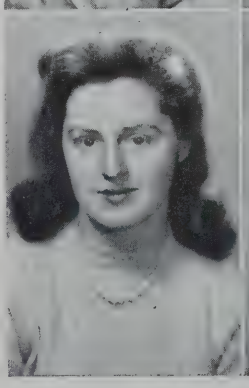
SEWARD P. TUELL
S. P.
"I shall find a way or make one."
His spirit and intellect will gain him success.
Chemistry Club 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Basketball 4
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Victory Corps 3
Co-Business Mgr., Yearbook

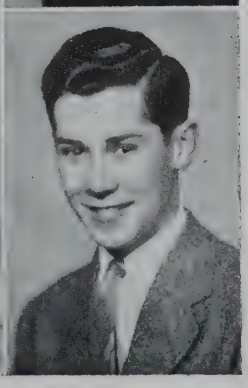
JANELLE C. SWETT
Janelle
"Such a girl will always be popular."
Janelle's gay, pleasant company is ever welcome.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Cheerleader, Chem. Club 4
Class Treasurer 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 2 Eng. Club 2
Latin Club 2
Co-Senior Editor, Yearbook



CORA MAE VALENTINE
Lee
"A pleasing personality is no slight advantage."
Cora is a charming picture. She has made many friends at Mansfield High.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Homemakers Club 2
Victory Corps 3

SHIRLEY R. THURBER
Torchy
"It's nice to be natural, if you're naturally nice."
A typical American girl and an honor student.
Eng. Club 2 Latin Club 2
Latin Certificate 2
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Chem. Club 4, President
Yearbook Co-editor
New Century Club 4





JOHN E. VALLETT
Jack
"He has a nice manner and a winning way."
Coyle's loss of Jack was Mansfield High School's gain.
A. A. Vice President, 4
Yearbook Art Editor
Tatler asst. sports editor
Basketball, asst. Mgr. 4
Football 4, Letter

CLASS OF '44

GRACE L. WARD
Gracie
"A merry lass with a winning heart."
Grace is a cheerful girl whose chief interest outside of school is jitterbugging.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 3, 4
French Club 3
Chem. Club 4

M. FRANCIS WILLETT
Bud
"A pleasing person is a desired person."
She has only been with us two years but in that time she has made a great many friends.
Victory Corps 3
A. A. 3, 4

DORIS E. WHITEHEAD
Dot
"A pretty maid, a live wire. The kind of wit you never tire."
Her untiring efforts in the office will be missed.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Latin Club 2
Latin certificate 2
French Club 3
Yearbook proof reader

RUSSELL G. WILLIAMSON
Russ
"That one small head could carry all he knew."
He has a strong character and a brilliant mind.
Class Pres. 2, Chem. Club 4
Band, Orchestra 2, 3, 4
Yearbook Dummy Chief
U. S. Hist. S. A. R. award
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Latin and English Clubs 2

MARION E. WILHELM
Marion
"A tall good-hearted girl"
We wonder what Marion uses as a source for her energy. She always has a bright remark for a pal.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Victory Corps 3
Basketball 4
Tatler 4

DOROTHY L. WRIGHT
Dot
"A good sport and good in sports."
Dot's pleasing personality and cheery smile will gain her entrance into any walk of life.
A. A. 2, 3, 4
English Club 2
Math Certificate
Tatler—Girls' Sport Ed. 4

ELEO J. ZAFFINI
Zaff
"To thy speed add wings"
Eleo lives, eats and sleeps aviation.
President 3, 4
A. A. 2, 3, 4
Yearbook Board Co-Ch.
Tatler 4
Aeronautics Club
Victory Corps Council

Class Will

We, the party of the first part (Seniors, Mansfield High School, 1944) bequeath in part to the party of the second part these parting gifts. (That's what we like about this—plenty of parties!)

Loraine Anderson leaves to Janice Quinham her Armed Force Collection.

John Antosca leaves with Janelle on one arm and a "Want Ad" on the other.

Barbara Barrows leaves her motherly ways to the mother in next year's class play.

Hilda Bernardo passes on her nice profile all the way down to Marian Chase.

Mary Ellen Boynton leaves M. H. S. broken-hearted. (This statement has, of course, been censored!)

Leah Brown donates her book "Sarcasm Did The Trick" to next year's gym classes.

Janet Buck leaves her glasses to some junior who can't see anyone but himself.

Rena DeClemente grants her title "Sweater Girl" to Gladys Cahoon.

Janet Eames bequeaths her latest novel "I Got Away With It, So Can You" to Dick Gallipeau.

Edward Epstein leaves to Ronald Geddes his million dollar pipe with the figure of Ann Sheridan carved on the bowl.

Martha Flint bequeaths her ability to complete her homework when it is due, to Calvin Chamberlain.

John Grundy passes on his trig. book to Billy Harrigan so he, too, can learn about solid figures.

Ruth Nelson leaves her box of vitamin pills to Gini DeLong.

Bill Nordberg bequeaths his latest invention — the automatic pilot for a car to Robert Eames.

Charles Rockwood leaves — lucky boy!

Dorothy St. John leaves the reindeer on her orchid sweater to Margaret MacDonald who still thinks there's a Santa Claus.

Janelle Swett bequeaths to Marian Dustin her tube of indulable lipstick!

Shirley Thurber leaves Eleo Zaffini's front seat — empty.

Arlene Troesch leaves her seat on the bus so there will be more room for the others passengers.

Seward Tuell passes on his joke book (B. H.) Before Hope and one can of corn (point free) to Brad Brown.

Cora Mae Valentine leaves the boys in seventh period study to find someone else to flirt with.

Jack Vallett leaves that wolfish grin, that clever wink, and his five year subscription to Esquire to Bert Merrill.

Grace Ward leaves her lip imprints on the shower room curtains.

Doris Whitehead leaves Mr. Locke — helpless.

Russell Williamson leaves his ability to confuse teachers to some junior who is tired of living.

Eleo Zaffini, our esteemed class president, bequeaths to Don Huston his popularity, his leadership, and his deep understanding.

Rose Armfield leaves her countless hair bows to any girl in the junior class who needs more bows to catch more beaux.

Elio Bacchiocchi leaves M. H. S. to fight for Uncle Sam. His 6 feet 4 inches will help a little, too.

Nathalie Barnes leaves her soft voice and quiet ways to Martha Turner in hopes that Martha will use them to the best advantage.

Dorothy Bellew bequeaths her title "Good Citizenship Pilgrim" to Dorothy Schwerdtfeger.

Dora Bravetti leaves for the European theatre in a TAXI.

Phyllis Brown leaves her gymnastic ability to Eva Hamilton.

Lena Cacciagrani leaves her Mardi Gras mask to Dick Eldridge who doesn't need it with that G. I.

Harold Collins leaves his famous bottle of ink to any junior boy who doesn't mind if everyone borrows it.

To Marilyn Neff, Clara Cutillo leaves her ability to do a sommersault. We're sure Marilyn won't hurt herself.

Louis D'Afile leaves M. H. S. wishing he had a pair of suspenders for Mr. Ricci.

Dora DeClemente leaves Office Practice to practice in an office.

Louise Fernandes leaves the still unsolved "Case of the Missing Skirt" to her sister, Eleanor.

To Erma Ferzoco, Jennie Fornaciari leaves her ability to pay attention in shorthand class.

Shirley Munro and Lillian Randolph leave school to join the police force.

Bill Palanza leaves his job as coke and milk boy to Bob Schofield who, we believe, could have the situation well-in-hand.

John Pharmakis leaves a booklet entitled "How to Pay Attention in English Class" to Jimmy Wright. We're sure Jimmy will make better use of it.

Kay Sheehan leaves with one ambition — to launch a boat.

Hildegarde Smith leaves a few inches of her height to Jackie Servais who won't mind having it.

Lillian Lincks leaves her ration book to Pat Dean.

Leslie Rathbun passes on his job of running the moving picture machine to Mr. Ricci so none of the junior boys will miss any tests for the sake of running it.

Lillian Gordon leaves her roller skates to Philo Scialoia. Lil won't be needing them now because she will be visiting the Fargo Building every spare moment.

Robert Mason leaves bookkeeping class for the Air Corps. There might be a little more excitement in flying.

Eleanor Pierce leaves her A gas ration book to Mr. Locke so he can visit Vermont again.

Marion Wilhelm leaves sewing class to do something more exciting, (watch the army convoys go by her house.)

To Mary O'Donnell, Dot Wright leaves her report card with all good marks.

Ronald King leaves his chemistry notebook to Georgina Freeman — no formula needed for that one.

Charlotte Morse passes on her "in-again, out-again, in-again, out-finally" habit to Jean Gorman.

Isabelle Garland leaves her charming ways and pleasing personality to be divided up among the juniors.

Frank Flammia leaves M. H. S. — a perfect example of good sportsmanship, popularity, and leadership.

And we, the writers of this will, leave M. H. S. with a treasure of many happy memories, a much richer and fuller life and with deep gratitude and admiration of its faculty.

Witnesses:
Dr. Frank Sinatra S. W. O. O. N.
Eleanor ..... Roosevelt
Dumbo

Barbara Dustin and Dorothy McKay

GRADE 6
GRADE 1
GRADE 3
GRADE 9
GRADE 4
GRADE 8
GRADE 7

Class Prophecy

It was a blue Monday—you know, here in body, but not in mind. Soon I would start my nursing career. This was my first trip away from home, and I sat in the student nurses' quarters watching the rain stream down in torrents. I was suddenly awakened from my meditating by a soft knock.

"Come in," I called.

"I was coming upstairs, so I thought I would bring you your mail," a familiar voice answered.

"Hilda Bernardo," I gasped, "what on earth are you doing here?"

"I'm a Registered Nurse," she answered proudly, "but I'm on duty now, so I'll see you later."

I was feeling better already. As I glanced through my mail a green envelope caught my eye. I tore it open and found that it was a wedding announcement from Ruth Nelson. On the bottom of the card Ruthie had written, "Come as soon as possible. You're bridesmaid, you know."

It was then I remembered the day at Mansfield High, down in the shower room, when I solemnly promised Ruthie I would be her bridesmaid. I pulled on my raincoat and dashed out to send Ruthie a telegram. I pushed open the door to Western Union and stopped in my tracks. There sat Mary Ellen Boynton and believe it or not she was still BUDding with youth.

I sent Ruthie the telegram and then rushed out to buy my clothes for the wedding. DeClemente's Dress Shoppe caught my eye; and delighted at the thought of seeing a classmate, I went in. There stood Dora DeClemente, owner, talking with Leah Brown, her head buyer. Leah took one look at me and said, "Dot McKay has a beauty shop about a block from here." I took the hint. A neon sign introduced me, flickering, "BEAUTY FOR THE BEAST by McKay."

I went in and renewed acquaintances with Dot and her two able assistants, Lena Cacciagrani and Viola Bravetti.

A very interesting newspaper which proved to be the Mansfield News was laying on the table next to me. The headlines read: "Rockwood, Famous Model Maker—Lost." I read on further to find that Chile had loaded all the English books into his model plane and set out for Mars. Result—No one has heard from him since.

Glancing through the paper I found quite a few interesting facts. Shirley Munro and Lillian Randolph have added their bit to society—an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column.

The First National Store is now owned by Elio Bacchiocchi and John Pharmakis. They certainly *swept* their way up rapidly.

I left Dot and went back to the hospital to pack my clothes. As per habit, I switched on the radio and a familiar voice asked, "Can you cook a carrot? This is Flint's Farm Hour." Knowing how to cook a carrot, (and that's about all) I turned

the radio off. I rushed downstairs, obtained my leave of absence, made reservations at the airport and then hailed a cab. Lo and behold, there sat John Antosca.

"Cabbying is my hobby," Johnny informed me. "I'm really an auto salesman."

I told Johnny I wanted to go to the airport, and as we whizzed along he talked as only Johnny can.

"I went to the unveiling of a statue of Jack Vallett yesterday," Johnny informed me. "You know he bombed Germany in a monoplane during World War II." Oh ho, I thought to myself, Lone Wolf, huh! Under the statue are Jack's famous words, "I don't have to stay here. I can always go into the fourth dimension."

"Hey," Johnny yelled, as we swung around the corner on two wheels, (a habit he had acquired at M. H. S.) "did you know that Janet Eames is in Hollywood as a stand-in for Martha Ray? And you remember my old flame, Janelle Swett. Well, she is going to Hollywood to play opposite Frank Sinatra in his latest picture, 'Too Old For Love'."

Arriving at the airport, I saw my plane about to take off and I realized that I should have known better than to get into a cab with Johnny. Oh well, better late than never. I thanked him and dashed out to the field. The plane looked as if it had come in on "no wings and a prayer." I found out later that it had. It was an invention of Clem Epstein.

As I walked up to the plane a familiar figure stepped forth. You guessed it, Grace Ward. She looked stunning in her stewardess uniform, and as she checked me in she whispered, "I'll be in to see you. Have I got some news!"

I stepped on the plane and bumped right into Eleo Zaffini, the pilot "Well, Zaff," I said, "it looks like you've got quite a job on your hands." To which I received the reply, "Well now, I wouldn't say that." Deciding it was useless to carry on this conversation, I sat down and picked up a magazine. On the inside cover was a picture of Cora Mae Valentine advertising her gift to *other* glamour girls, real indelible lipstick. She went through unknown torture trying it out on a Marine.

Opposite this was an advertisement featuring "Tuell's Freckle Cream, Guaranteed to wipe 'em clean." Gee, I thought, Seward wouldn't be Seward without the freckles.

Under a Book Revue I noticed the subject of Dr. Russell Williamson's new book was *How To Eat and Grow Thin,* starring Charlotte Morse. I didn't get any further with my reading because Gracie came up to tell me the latest Mansfield News.

"Les Rathbun is teaching Chemistry at M. H. S. and he's feeding his class all Mr. Ricci's stale jokes. (If you could call them jokes.)

"Billy Nordberg is superintendent with Loraine Anderson as his secretary. (UMM, I thought, now Billy would love that.) And Bob Mason is keeping the schools fires burning. Frank Flammia is coaching athletics and has the painful job of keeping the Yearbook out of the red and in the green.

"After Dotty St. John's experience in the class play, she's turned into an A #1 piano tuner, and I hear that Al visits her *four* times a week now.

"Rose Armfield has joined the rodeo and is riding high.

"Barbara Barrows, Phyllis Brown, and Hildegarde Smith are nurses in the Garland Memorial Hospital on Pratt Street. This was erected to Isabelle for her

faithful performance as Florence Nightingale during World War II. She is now living happily on her income."

I glanced out of the window and I could just barely make out the figures of Louise Fernandes and Kay Sheehan sitting contentedly in their baby carriages—knitting.

As we sped along I noticed a billboard featuring Lillian Lincks before and after eating Rye Crisp.

"I wonder why Dot Bellew's picture is on the three-dollar bill," Gracie asked expectantly.

"Why, don't you know? That's for being such a good citizen," I replied fondly.

Gracie continued. "Arlene Troesch is a famous pianist now. She took up piano to form a more even touch on the typewriter and she liked it so well she decided to stick to it.

"Some of our colleagues are on the radio. Rena DeClemente has her own radio program—theme song—'Danny Boy,' and Barbara Dustin is running the Good WILL Hour—now entitled, WILL You Be Good.

"Janet Buck is teaching little ones and Clara Cutillo is a ballet dancer in Harold Collin's nightclub. She gossips by day and dances by night.

"Shirley Thurber is secretary to President John Grundy, and is still keeping the stag line staggering. Johnny defeated Roosevelt for sixth term. It took quite a lot out of him—his hair is completely gray now.

"Lillian Gordon has devised a tug and is following the Navy. Some tug!

"Do you remember how quiet Eleanor Pierce, Jennie Fornaciari, and Nathalie Barnes were in school? It has just been revealed that they will be on Broadway in 'The Three Sisters.' Will wonders never cease?

"Frances Willett is issuing passports on the border line between the United States and Canada.

"Dorothy Wright, Marion Wilhelm, Louis D'Afile and Bill Palanza are owners of the largest bean producing farm in America. Dot is the manager having had professional experience.

"Ronald King is quite happy at his job of licking stamps, now that various flavors have been provided him—everything from licorice to lemon."

The hum of the engine was making me drowsy. Soon I found that the only way to get to earth was by climbing down a rope ladder; and as I descended I wondered, *"Is this the ladder that I helped build?"* If so, I should be rising not falling; but I was falling, and fast. A crash brought me to my senses. Gracie was shaking me violently. "Come on, wake up," she said, "we've landed and you're at the Mansfield airport."

Doris E. Whitehead

Class Ode

Time was when we of forty-four
Reposed behind thy stately door,
Gleaning knowledge day by day,
To help us journey on life's way.

Time was when students ungain were we,
Through times and tides of uncertainty,
Guided by teachers patient and kind,
'Till we attained reliance sublime.

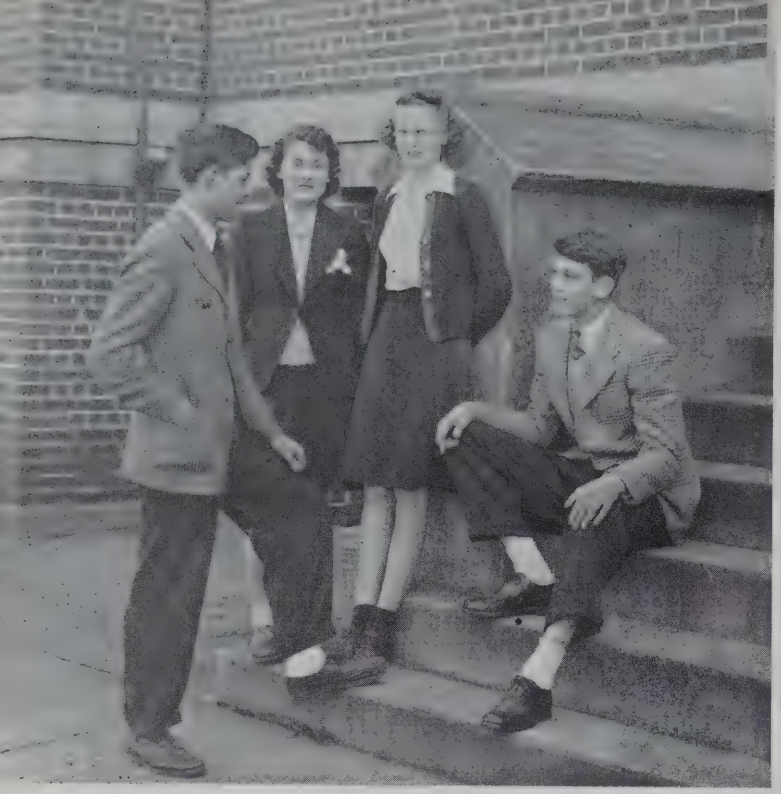
Time is as we are quickly swirled
Into the now, chaotic world;
Each a part that he must play
To help conclude the present array:

Time will, we pray, again appear
When peace rules every hemisphere;
Then shall we once more partake
Of old-time joys for friendship's sake.

Russell G. Williamson

"We build the ladder by which we rise."

HOLLAND



Juniors

President . Donald L. Huston
Vice-President . Bert L. Merrill
Secretary . . Elizabeth Flint
Treasurer . Jaqueline Servais

Class Advisors
Mrs. Mildred Whitmore
Mr. Everett W. Robinson

In September, the members of the Class of '45 returned to high school — this time as juniors instead of bewildered sophomores. After renewing old friendships, their first accomplishment was the election of officers.

I, as a junior, recall vividly the day class rings came and I know the thrill experienced by the juniors of this class.

Other than the preparation of the Senior Reception, probably the most colorful affair given by the juniors was their dance held in November.

The Junior Class was especially active in sports. Seven boys played football and they all received letters. Don Huston was elected football captain for '45. In boys' basketball they were represented by eight members of their class. Bert Merrill, who became the first junior ever to be elected captain of basketball in '44 was re-elected in '45. In girls' basketball, five girls represented the Junior Class. Marion Dustin and Virginia DeLong were the junior cheerleaders.

The class of '45 has but one more step to complete in their high school career; and we wish them success in all of their undertakings.

Mary Ellen Boynton

Bored

Dreamy eyed

Inspired

Sophomores

President . WARNER ROTHERHAM
Vice-President . RICHARD GALLIPEAU
Secretary . . DOROTHY ROSE
Treasurer . . . DOLORES SITA

Class Advisor . MISS ELSA HENCHEL

At last they were in high school! After several days of bewilderment and confusion the sophomores became well acquainted with the high school regime. Many became painfully accustomed to the strenuous exercises of physical education. For one week the regular lessons were suspended to give way to a comprehensive aptitude test of all sophomores.

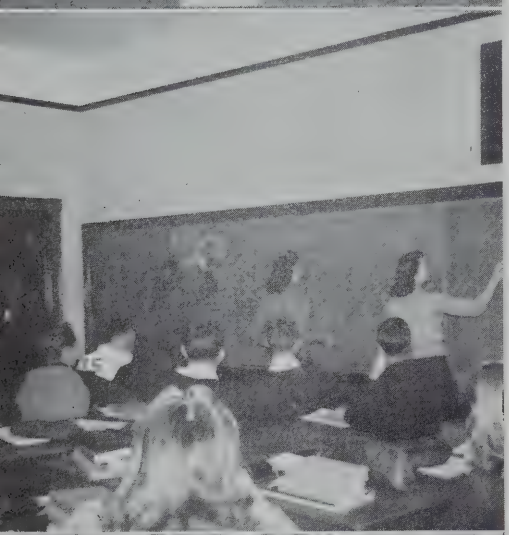
The class showed its patriotic spirit by starting off the sale of War Stamps and Bonds with an individual purchase of three one hundred dollar bonds. They have demonstrated the fine training received in Junior High by taking the lead throughout the sales.

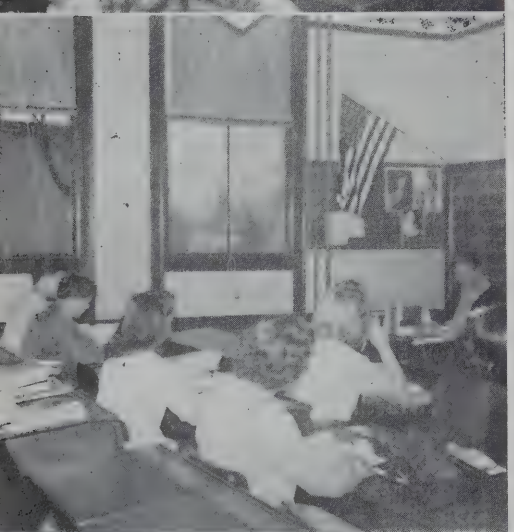
One notable party was held during the year in the gym under the able leadership of Rita Searing and Louise Garland. It was a great success, both financially and socially. The Sophomores took an active part in sports. Seven members of the class played girls' basketball; three boys received letters for football and seven others were on the squad. Virginia Rathbun and Muriel McCauley were the sophomore cheerleaders.

On behalf of the seniors, I feel that I can truthfully say we enjoyed our association with you.

Martha M. Flint

Young and green *Too much heard* *Always seen*





Student

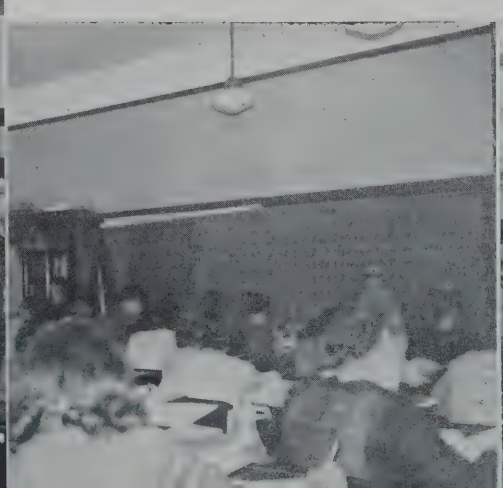
Classes

Let us take a look at the classes in action in Mansfield High School. As we enter the building in the early morning we see practically all of the boys (that is the ones that get here on time) congregated around the bulletin board; what they find so interesting there I cannot tell you. When the bell rings for the first period we see the students passing to their classes. Some of them are slyly passing notes to one another, and of course you almost always see a boy and girl talking and then making a mad dash down the hall to get to class before the bell rings. After everyone gets to class we have the problem of getting down to work. There is always someone who has to sharpen his pencil (it's usually the same one each day), or he has left his book or paper behind and simply must go after it. After we get him settled we are ready for work until our inquisitive student thinks of some questions to ask (which at times are absolutely fantastic) to get the teacher off on another subject. He is very helpful when half the class hasn't prepared its homework.

When it gets near lunch time we see the students beginning to pack their books up in preparation for the daily race

Making History!

Yeah, man!



Activities

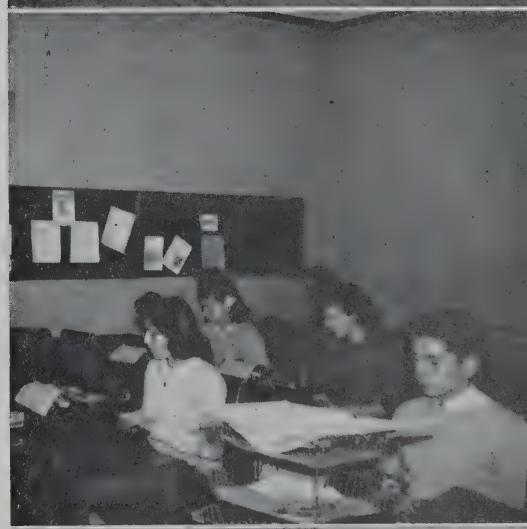
to the lunch counter. They are like a pack of hungry racing wolves and it is just too bad for anyone who happens to be in the way.

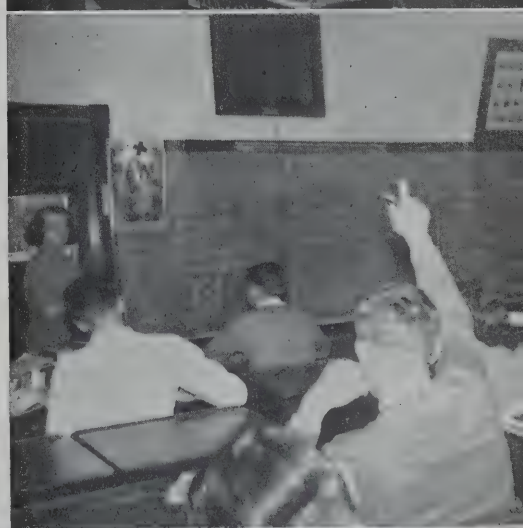
First to reach the cafeteria are the pupils in the study hall who usually buy the choicest of the choice. The poor unfortunate have to be content to struggle and weave their way past Mr. Locke to attain their *comida.*

I guess by now you think we are a bunch of silly kids without a brain in our heads, but you are mistaken. We can be quite sensible and dignified when we put our minds to it. We don't always come to class with our lessons unprepared; in fact, most of the time we do know them. A good many of these students are capable of solving extremely difficult problems accurately and efficiently. Most of us appreciate the classics even though on the surface we do not always show it. You can see this by visiting an English class. We read the works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and other great writers and understand them. During class discussions we talk about current world affairs. Some even have plans all figured out for the post-war world.

We realize we have to play an important part in the world of tomorrow. Therefore, we are studying and working in order that we may take our place along with the others in building a new and better world.

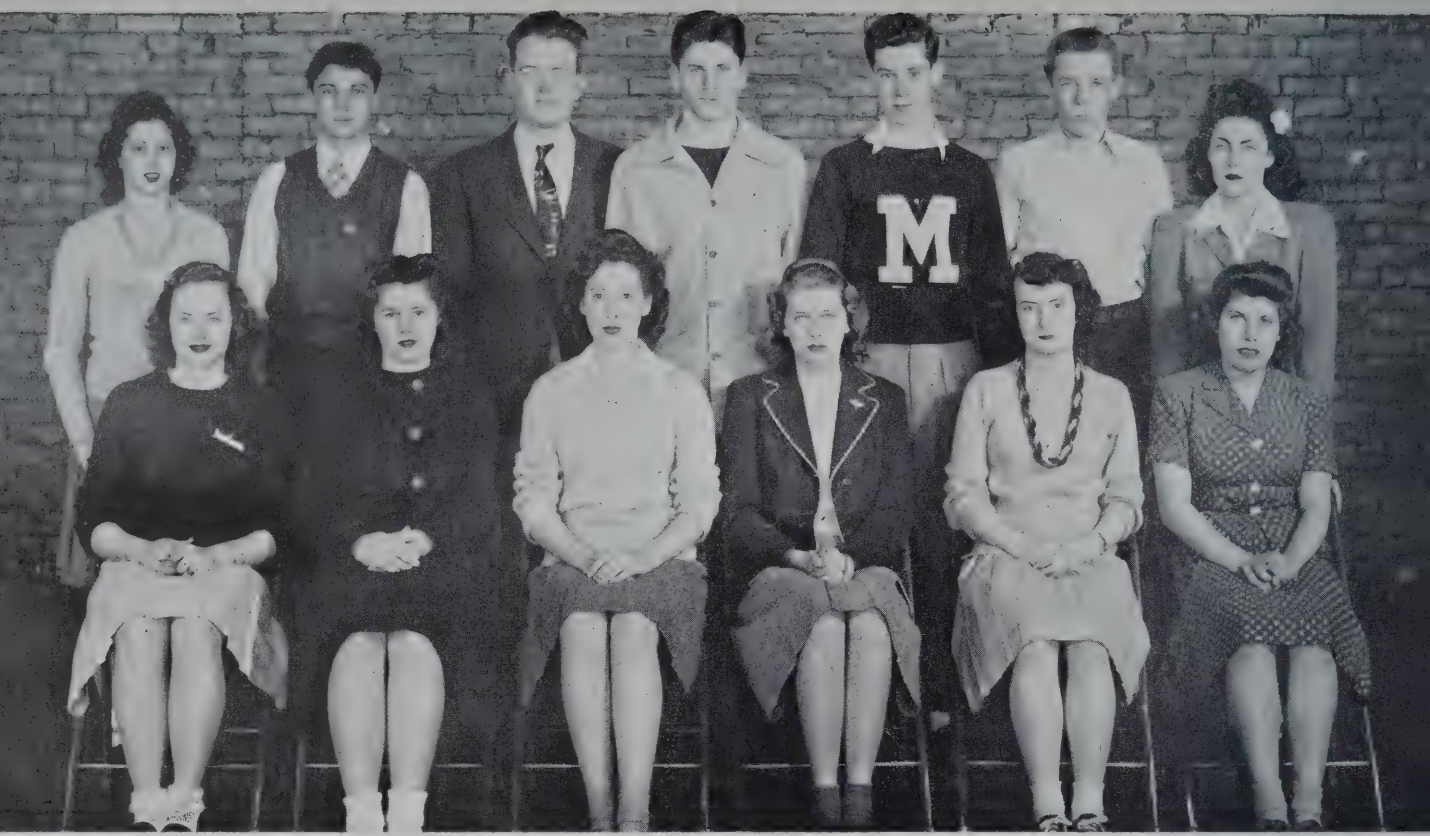
Dorothy M. Bellew





Looking at figures!

Cooking with gas!



"Every Family Has One"

Directed by Miss Margaret Donaghue
Student Assistant, Rena DeClemente

The Characters

Penelope Reardon, *a precocious eleven*	Dorothy St. John
Laura Reardon, *the pretty, young mother of the family*	Barbara Barrows
Mrs. Parker, *an aristocratic woman in her late forties*	Barbara Dustin
Nana Reardon, *an active, shrewd lady of 60 odd years*	Ruth Nelson
Essie, *the maid, always the pessimist*	Lena Cacciagrani
Reginald Reardon, *the easy going man of the house*	John Pharmakis
Marcia Reardon, *sweet, pretty and twenty*	Janelle Swett
Warry Reardon, *the 17 year old would-be author*	Seward Tuell
Mr. Parker, *big, blustering and fifty*	Russell Williamson
Sherwin Parker, *a good looking young man of 25*	John Vallett
Lily Reardon, *a pretty, vibrant girl of 17*	Hilda Bernardo
Todd Galloway, *tall, good looking, 22*	John Antosca

Class Play

Thursday, November 25—Town Hall—Eight-thirty P. M.

The lights were dimmed; the curtain was raised; and our long awaited Senior Class Play began.

The capacity audience didn't seem to bother the cast at all, for as the play progressed the actors appeared to be very composed and at ease. It wasn't long before they had the gathering in a hilarious mood.

Seward got off to a flying start with his line " . . . a hunk of bone and a rage of hair . . . " Ruthie's "Nana" was a real and vivid portrayal of an energetic grandmother, even to her "jiving" to Bing Crosby's singing. Barbara Barrows deserved all the bouquets she carried during the evening's performance; and of course, Johnny Pharmakis was a *Crashing* success. Dottie's piano playing may not have been "boogie-woogie" but her performance was a *howling* success. Lena's "Come and get it" brought a roar from the audience as did Russell's entrance. He did a fine job especiallly at breaking up house for the Reardons. Jack's "You *haven't answered* my *last* letter," and his technique of courtship was something "out of this world." Hilda's "jiu-jitsu" was as good as her acting which was "super." Janelle's entrance as well as John's brought forth many oh's and ah's from the onlookers, but not as much as did their kissing scene. Barby Dustin's plea for *butter* was another real and vivid portrayal.

We wish that the play were a movie so we could run it over many times.

Isabelle M. Garland

Let's dance!

Let's play!

Let's eat!

Football Dance and Banque

Amid a gayly colored gym decorated in our fighting colors, green and white, we enjoyed a successful Football Dance on Friday evening, December 10. The dance was sponsored by the football team and the cheerleaders. The dance was very well attended. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Locke and most of the other members of the faculty were present. Of course, the honored guest of the evening was our inspiring coach, Mr. Certuse, who was presented a fine gold pen on behalf of the football squad and the cheerleaders. On receiving the gift from our captain he said, "I once asked for a gift from you fellows. It was to win the Foxboro game for me and you did. So, in a way, this is the second gift I've received from you. Thank you very much, fellows; and thanks also to our ever cheering cheerleaders."

Yea, man! It was a great evening with all our football heroes sporting fair-haired lassies and having the time of their lives.

On February 17, we were tended a banquet at the high school. The guests who attended were Mr. and Mrs. Locke, members of the school committee, Mr. James Kelly, former great Mansfield High coach. Mr. Howard Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hazel and special guest Coach "Rip" Engle, football, end coach, and basketball coach at Brown University.

Mr. Locke was toastmaster and introduced speakers Mr. Kelly and Coach Certuse. Mr. Kelly highly praised our likable coach. "Rip" Engle gave an interesting and humorous talk and later showed us slow motion football pictures of Brown games during the past season.

The banquet was prepared by Mrs. Nelson, cafeteria manager with the help of Miss Lewis and our cheerleaders. (We're still wondering where they got the points for the ham and the butter.)

William A. Nordberg

Ready! *Go!*

Senior Semi-Formal

The night had come at last. I sat at my dresser and couldn't help but think of what the evening had in store for me. I could see the hall decorated with silhouettes of dancing couples, top hats, canes, gloves, and stars. I wondered what sort of gowns the other girls would wear. Then suddenly I was awakened by the ringing of the front door bell. It was my escort, Bob, who brought me a beautiful corsage.

I put on my evening wrap and stepped out into a cold, but clear New Year's Eve. Bob casually opened the door of the car and I stepped in holding my breath,—thinking—"people have cars, but"—. Sure enough, this one had gas and we were off. It wasn't long before we arrived at the Town Hall.

We went up the stairs and we heard "Chick" Comey and his orchestra playing "Paper Doll." It was heaven, indeed. I entered the hall—this part is especially hard to describe—the beautiful colors, the wonderful gowns, just about everything took my breath away. (I'm very thankful for the pictures below which show in part some of my memories of the evening.)

Every time I notice my silver star and top hat souvenir I can picture the mad dash of the kids, each trying to get a silhouette for a keepsake.

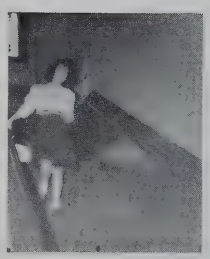
As the New Year came in and the old one went out, we sang "Auld Lange Syne"—"should old friends be forgot and never brought to mind"—. Not for me! This evening will live too vividly in my heart.

Cora Mae Valentine

Dreaming!

Watching!

Mardi Gras



On Friday evening, February 18th, we held a Mardi Gras, a revival of an old school custom.

The gym was colorfully decorated by members of the Senior Class. The event marked an evening of splendor, color, and humor. Most of all, the beauty and gayety of the unique costumes added to the success of the party.

The high point of the evening was the arrival of the King and Queen, led into the gym by the page, John Antosca, in a handsome Marine's uniform. The Queen, Janelle Swett, was dressed in a regal white gown while the King, Jack Vallett, wore a white sailor's uniform with a red cape.

Prizes of defense stamps were awarded to the faculty and the students. Of the faculty, Mr. Ricci our "hep" teacher, dressed as Martha Washington received the prize for the most handsome costume. Mr. Jenkins "decked out" in minstrel attire won the "cleverest" award. Winner for the funniest costume was Miss Henchel, who had her hair done up and wore a blue plaid dress which was padded in crucial spots. She carried a pail, mop, and a pair of roller skates; elated by her success, she was really hilarious.

It must have been very hard for the judges to decide on the faculty prizes since all of the costumes worn by them were very gorgeous and colorful.

The students who were awarded prizes for the most handsome costumes were Cora Mae Valentine who came as a charming Spanish senorita and Dick Washburn who wore a Spanish Rhumba outfit. Winners for the cleverest costumes went to Rose Armfield, "A Pistol Packin' Mama" and Buddy Merrill the cutest lassie present, definitely "out of this world" (thank goodness). The funniest prizes were awarded to the "Hunch back of Mansfield High," Lena Cacciagrani, wearing New Orleans Mardi Gras apparel and to Johnny Pharmakis in a hobo's garb.

Oh, if I could only list here all the many other funny, clever and handsome costumes which made the evening unforgettable—Mrs. Jenkins, as "Daisie Mae" of Harlem—Dot McKay in a costume good enough to eat—Frank Flammia, a store house for lip-prints—Andy "on again, off again" Emery—our eighteenth century couple, Barbara and Russell . . .

Louise H. Fernandes

It must be jelly

Their majesties

True to form

Tramp and Bow Days

Wowee! 7:30 and still not dressed for school! What sweater will I wear? Green, blue, yellow? No, that's not right. Say, hold on a minute. Today is Tramp Day! I won't have to worry about my regular clothes, but just put on any old thing.

Let me see, I'll get Pop's old patched-up overalls from the closet. I don't think Al will mind if I borrow his lumber shirt, not if it's an old one. Say, these are rather big in size—Ha! Ha! Don't I look horrible! Now for the finishing touches. Here's a weather-beaten straw hat I might wear. Woops! Too big. Ah, I've found one. It looks like a victim of last year's Easter parade but it will serve the purpose. Shucks, I'll need shoes; won't I? Pop has a pair of kick boots somewhere. They will just fill the bill. Well, I guess that's the story; I'd better get to school.

Oh, there's Dot. Ha! Ha! What a scream she is especially with that "toilet" pipe.

At last, I am at school and here I meet other tramps as I tramp to class with tramps of all classes. When I think back to this day I shall always remember Dottie St. John's paint-spotted pants and jerky jerkin, and Ruth Nelson's memorable split up the leg trousers.

This was Tramp Day, and long shall I remember the tramp, tramp, tramp of all the tramps as their echoes tramp through the hall of M. H. S.

Today is another special day—Bow Day! Here I am in school showing off an enormous green bow. What a howl Johnny Antosca is with that big sky-blue pink and purple polka-dotted bow-tie. Leapin' Lizards, look at S. P. with that baby pink bow in his hair. (Did I say hair?) There's Barbara Barrows and Leah Brown wearing brown and pink bows respectively. I also see Johnnie Pharmakis sporting a bow-tie that even "Frankie" would pay a fortune for; and there's Janelle looking cute as ever with that big red bow in her hair.

I bow to those who wore bows on this unforgettable Bow Day.

Lena Cacciagrani

Oh, what a Bow-utiful day!

Going my way?

Don't Sweetheart me!

Graduation Day

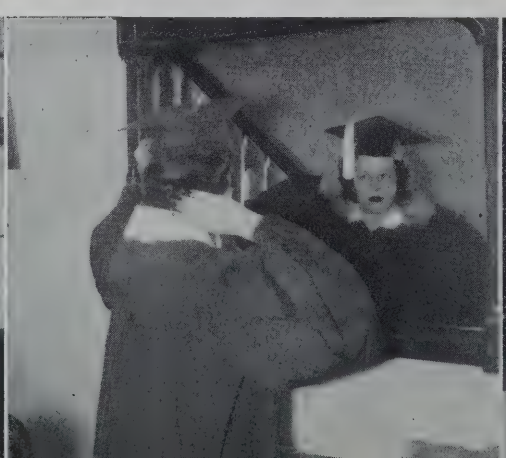
It's Sunday morning and I'm about to live the first three days of my most memorable week. I nervously dress in my white graduation dress, and then I say goodbye to my parents. On arriving at church I see the rest of my class being arranged for their entrance into the church to attend Baccalaureate Service. This was our service and the sermon was for us; I was thrilled to say the least. When the services were over we marched out and then received the cordial congratulations of many well-wishers. After conversing for a few moments with my classmates, I hurried home to my dinner; there, too, I got that unexplainable, undescribable feeling. Dinner was over and once again I left home, this time to go to the high school where a picture was taken of us in our caps and gowns. With Sunday over I couldn't help but think what tomorrow had in store for me.

This was the last day I'd spend in school; it would be goodbye to my classmates, to the juniors and sophomores, to the teachers, and to my school life. Well, it wasn't long before it was Class Day and we saw ourselves marching down the aisle to the stage. There, for the first time, we heard our History, Will, and Prophecy—chuckling, thinking of our past, present, and future as they were read. There were tears in our eyes or else there was a lump in our throats as we marched out of the Town Hall to the singing of "Where, oh, where are the grand old seniors?" by the juniors and sophomores.

It was now Graduation Day, in some regard the same as Class Day; but our audience was now composed of our parents, relatives, and friends. A speaker was present to give us advice in regard to our life after graduation. Our Class President, Eleo Zaffini presented Junior Class President, Don Huston, with our class gift. Now it was time to receive our diplomas. One after another stepped up to receive his diploma. Finally my name was called. I don't know how I ever walked up to receive it; but there I was about to get my diploma, a document of twelve years of school life—a school life that I'd like to live over and over again.

Lillian Gordon

At last · *Beautiful dreamer* · *My Shining Hour*



Senior Reception

This was it! The last few weeks were here. I'd lived graduation in my mind many times and as for Senior Reception well—I could see it all so very clearly as if I were on a merry-go-round whirling from scene to scene.

My worries and anxiety seemed to disappear as I came down the stairs—ready to go. I pinned on my flowers, took a last look, and we were off.

As we approached the Town Hall, everything seemed to take on color—the South Common never looked as green nor the twilight as beautiful as it did at this moment.

He checked my evening wrap; and it seemed more and more like a dream as they lined us up to make our entrance into the upper hall. As I passed through the column of Junior ushers I couldn't take it all in fast enough—the hall so beautifully decorated with its bright colors—and lit up with the smiling faces which seemed to be everywhere.

As the reception line formed I was thankful for being at the end of the alphabet this time. The Junior ushers approached nearer and nearer with guests to be introduced. I never realized I could be quite as nervous as I was at this moment. Before I knew it I was in the "thick of it" and enjoying it very much—meeting this one for the first time, meeting old acquaintances, saying hello to friends. All too soon it ended, for the orchestra began to play the grand march and we were again in the spot-light. With the forming of the traditional "M" I could feel myself tingling with the excitement of it all.

The orchestra surely sounded good as it swung into a beautiful waltz. This was the first dance of the evening and it was our privilege as Seniors to lead it. Much too soon we were dancing the fourth and fifth dances. How beautiful and handsome everyone looked—a laughing face, a happy face. Yet among the blaze of color and laughs we were conscious of the fact that this was it—our last time together before a class reunion.

"A class reunion"—this thought kept me happy as we sang together "Auld Lang Syne".

Grace L. Ward

Sweet *Well, all-reet!* *Petite*

Things We Remember

Suspense

The voice at the front of the room drones on and on, each word drawing you nearer and nearer to your fate. Small beads of perspiration stand out on your forehead. Your hands are clammy and there's a strange, hollow space where your stomach used to be. For the thousandth time you wish you were safely at home in bed, or hundreds of miles away —in any direction, or even placidly plucking those harp strings up in the clouds. Now the time you've been dreading for days is here. That's *your* name being called. Suddenly panic seizes you! Your mouth is dry, your mind is completely blank and your knees won't support you. At last you've reached the haven behind the table and can grip its edge to help support those shaking knees. Just then the silence of the room is broken by a voice, rather low and halting at first but growing sure and steady.

What a wonderful surprise to discover it's *your* voice and now you are on your way to earning an A for that first oral theme.

Gym Class

There are a lot of things that I'll remember after graduation but I think one of the most outstanding memories will be our daily gym class. During the first few weeks when no one had their gym uniforms we just danced all period. Those were wonderful days but such bliss was not to last for long. Soon everyone was organized and we got down to business. I shall never forget, although I'd like to, that first strenuous period of exercises and then the torturous after-effects. After a while our bruised and battered bodies became accustomed to the exercises and our kind, big-hearted teacher, Miss Lewis gave us less strenuous exercises, and even let us dance once in a while. About the middle of the year Miss Lewis announced that every Tuesday the class would be devoted to health. Later we had health class only once every other Tuesday; but having

become accustomed to the exercises, we didn't mind too much. Miss Lewis finally made us realize that these exercises were of benefit to us. When I found that I really liked gym in spite of the hard work we sometimes did, there was just one thing that annoyed me— the showers in which the water couldn't be regulated! In every life a little rain must fall!

The Girls' Locker Room

I think the girls' locker room is the most interesting spot in the high school. There, everyone knows everyone else's business. If you ever want to know anything about yourself or what you did the night before last, you'll find your answers in the locker room. The dirt that flies around is terrific—(George ought to be more thorough.)

The girls' greatest problem is the "mirror." We dream someday of having walls of mirrors. Then we wouldn't have to wait so long and maybe get to classes on time.

The locker room is famous in the eyes of the girls and will continue to make history as the years roll by.

An Unforgettable Bus

To choose the most pleasant school day memory is difficult to do. Yet, I am sure I shall never forget dashing up the road, early in the morning to catch Perry's peppy, powerful school bus with a seating capacity of thirty-two which held sixty-four.

We poured out of our homes, breakfast in one hand, coat in the other.

We piled into the bus "gentlemen" before ladies. If you were a "gentleman" you were sure of a seat.

With a "toot" of the horn and a jerk of the bus we were off to school. Some were still eating their breakfast while others were trying to get curlers out of their hair.

In one corner some compared algebra

answers while others were reciting Hamlet's "To be or not to be." The younger boys disturbed them by stepping on their toes and fighting over who got the most caterpillar nests during the weekend.

Finally we rolled into school after many a jostle and never failed to be late.

What Will He Be Like?

Ever since the first rumor began that our former principal, Mr. Craig, was leaving, pupils of M. H. S. were wondering what the new principal would be like. Would he be short, tall, thin, plump, old, young, pleasing or you know what? This went on all summer until school began again in the fall of 1943. I remember the low whispers concerning him which I overheard on the first floor corridor, the sly sneaks into the office which some girls managed to put over. I did so want to see him or at least take a glance. All I knew was that his name

was Raymond S. Locke. It sounded terribly dignified to me and when he finally strutted out of his office and paraded up and down the corridor that is exactly how his appearance struck me. What was he like?—tall, in fact very tall, nice striking appearance, age, about thirty-five, and he wore glasses. A hard look settled on his face which made me shrink ten inches. Why, I was actually afraid of him.

Does he still strike me that way?—Silly idea, of course not! I forgot to tell you, Mr. Locke hails from Vermont and how could anyone from Vermont remain too dignified! I know we have all come to know him as a friend and councelor.

Fountain of Youth?

The students that sit in the back seats in the Study Hall never fail to catch an eyeful of the many goings-on at the drinking fountain.

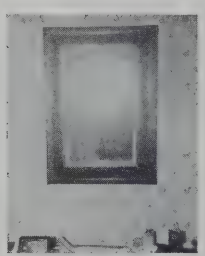
Students leaving their classes to go to the office stop at the fountain to try to rid themselves of that nervousness.

Of course, I can't forget recess time when a half dozen boys stand around the great fountain as if they were guarding it. When the end of recess comes the boys move away but a certain couple linger near the "thirst-quencher" to talk.

The one thing I shall never forget about the fountain is the way Mr. Locke breezes by it and then retraces a few steps to wet his lips.

I shall always remember the popularity of the fountain in the lower hall, (not saying anything about the legend connected with the one in the upper hall). I wonder why the lower hall fountain is so popular. Maybe it's a Fountain of Youth.

Flash!



On numerous occasions this year it was not unusual for students to be walking along the corridor of our very picturesque high school, conversing with their fellow classmates, and suddenly be momentarily dazed by a blinding flash of light. Then before these bewildered boys and girls could re-assemble their senses and catch their breaths, the image of our own Mr. Ricci would appear from the opposite end of the corridor wearing that ever present "I caught you that time" smile on his face. Yes, you guessed it. Then he would be off to prey upon some other unsuspecting souls, hoping to get "another good shot." I don't think I'm alone in saying that I for one, shall not forget *Mr. Ricci and his camera.*

Editors' Note:—We are grateful for photographs taken by Mr. Ricci and for the time and work he put into our YEARBOOK as advisor.

T E A M !

Page 41

Blah! Blah! Blah!

Santa's little helper

1-2-3 Kick!

Well, I'll be . . .

Man Shortage

My friends!

Keep 'em Flying

Keeper of the Flame

George W. Lewis

Chemistry Club

Throughout the year, the Chemistry Club has been active in giving dances and parties for the club members and their guests. These "get togethers" are informal and the atmosphere has always been one of friendliness.

There have been a few outstanding parties but the best one, we have all agreed upon, was the Scavenger Hunt. It was a very rainy night and the "hunters" were given sealed orders, wished good luck, and sent on their way to wade through the puddles and ditches in search of false teeth, hairless dogs, flies, and a lot of other hard-to-get articles.

Then there was the party given for the cast of the Senior Play. It was held in the Chemistry lab and on the black board were pictures drawn portraying the different characters in various moods. A large, beautiful cake was presented and Miss Donaghue, the director, was given the honor of cutting it.

The club also had a well-planned Quiz Kid program and all questions and answers were originated by the entertainment committee. The club members and guests were called upon to answer certain questions; and if they failed, they were given some consquence to do—one chap had to do a ballet dance, while another had to have three strangers autograph an egg—a real evening of enjoyment.

The Chemistry Club has also been noted for its fine refreshments.

We, the class of 1944, sincerely hope that all the future Chemistry students who belong to the Chemistry Club will have as good a time as we have all enjoyed this year.

Advisor—Mr. Ricci

Officers

President—Shirley Thurber
Vice-President—Leslie Rathbun
Secretary—Hilda Bernardo
Treasurer—Dorothy St. John

Aim of Club—To meet together socially and to promote a mutual, friendly feeling between student and teacher.

Hilda Bernardo

Cleaning House

Dead Pan

Taking Inventory

The Tatler

Well, once again it's time for *The Tatler* to be distributed among the students. I hurry up to Room 8 to get the twenty-two copies to give out to the anxious "kids" in my room. I can't wait to get rid of them fast enough so that I may read my copy.

The first thing I turn to is the Gadabout. Gee, Hilda and her gang surely get it out of the cracks and corners—the "dirt" I mean. I see that Martha Turner is "drooling" over Andy Emery; and, Oh! Lena look! I didn't know that Chili Rockwood was working. Boy! such a revealing article—this Gadabout.

Now for the Locker Room Gossip. What happens in that locker room shouldn't happen(period). Won't Zaff ever give up trying to get the "certain girl?" I see that Carl Staples was seen wheeling a baby carriage in the South Common.

The Junior Page has a few interesting facts this time. They have a few "cards" in the Class of '45. The Sophomores are off to a flying start with their New Year's Resolutions and other newsy items about their class.

Well, whadda ya know, here is a senior statistics page—so Barb Barrows wants to be another Cornell. (That's a big order.) Hilda's ambition is to join the Marines. (I wonder why?)

Who got the Tatler awards this time? Oh, I forgot, I have to read Famous Men and Women first. Well, I see Chili Rockwood, the bowler, and John (All or Nothing at All) Antosca rate a write up. Shirley Thurber and Dot McKay, those two redheads, are quite popular in this edition. That was a good article—now let's have a look at the awards. Mr. Locke and Mr. Ricci got the gold one for attending the school activities. The seniors boys who skipped school to have their pictures taken got the solid brass medal.

Well, that's all in *The Tatler* for now but I might as well read the editorial—it's always so-o-o-o interesting and witty, too. My! it's all about the Semi-Formal. Remember, students? The seniors should have backed it—says "Chief" Flammia.

Boy! this paper is worth the nickle I paid for it. I hope all the *Tatlers* are as good as they have been this year.

Dot McKay

Tap, Tap, Tap

Clip, Clip, Clip

Disa and Data

Aeronautics Club

John J. Antosca
Edward E. Epstein
John R. Grundy
Ronald E. King
Charles R. Rockwood
Seward P. Tuell
John E. Vallett
Eleo J. Zaffini

Advisor—Mr. Ricci

This club was organized by our never-tiring Aeronautics teacher, Mr. Ricci. The aim of the club is to further interest the fellows in aviation by meetings of discussion and application; and of course it was a lovely way to spend a dull Monday evening, especially if you're a bowling enthusiast with a bum eye. (To which our flying Chile Rockwood will agree.)

Eight seniors boys taking the aeronautics course made up the club membership.

In the middle of the year the club obtained a Wright Cyclone aircraft engine. Some of the members accompanied Mr. Ricci to Boston and had the opportunity of seeing many aeroplanes and engines that have been used on our fighting fronts. In March Mr. Charles Stratton, Professor at Boston University, and formerly Mr. Ricci's teacher, came to Mansfield High to address the club and other students interested. He gave a very informal talk about aviation of yesterday and to-day. After his speech the group was free to ask him questions pertaining to aeronautics.

We held our meetings at the beginning of the year every Monday at the High School where we worked on various assignments.

We held one successful dance in March with the profits going to the Class for the yearbook.

We hope we have established a fine precedent for next year's Aeronautics Club.

Ronald King

Wasting Time

Modeling Time

Well Spent Time

Pan-American Club

Fernando Abreu	Theresa Lane
Elio Bacchiocchi	Bert Merrill, Jr.
Hubert Beals	Ruth Nelson
Claire Bellew	Donald Ohle
Bradford Brown	Helen Rogers
Roger Buck	Dorothy St. John
Patricia Dean	Jacqueline Servais
Virginia DeLong	Edward Sheldon
Barbara Dustin	Janelle Swett
Frank Flammia	Shirley Thurber
Elizabeth Flint	Seward Tuell
Martha Flint	Marcia Vernon
William Harrigan	Grace Ward
Florence Harris	James Wright
Fred Ienello	Eleo Zaffini

Club Advisor—Miss Shepard

Another newly formed club this year was the Pan American Club with Miss Aurilla Shepard, French and Spanish teacher, as advisor.

We held our first meeting in March in the gym. At the meeting three short talks were given by Barbara Dustin, Ruth Nelson, and Seward Tuell respectively. Brad "The Voice" Brown sang "La Paloma," and Patricia Dean played a piano solo.

Our next meeting was a very gala affair. It was Pan American Day, April 14; and we presented a program in the study hall with teachers, parents, invited guests from Wheaton College, and students as our very appreciative audience. After a short welcome address by our president, a chorus consisting of all members of the club sang three Spanish songs under the flawless conducting of Miss Ethel Armstrong.

Following a brief musical interlude, with sophomore, Muriel McCauley as pianist, eight Pan American girl members gave a very fine presentation of "La Conga." Eleo Zaffini gave an interesting talk on Inter-American Friendship. Clara Cutillo's solo of "La Golondrina" was very well applauded as was the duet of "Las Flores Negras" sung by Dorothy St. John and Grace Ward. After another dance we had a quiz on South America which Bill Harrigan won.

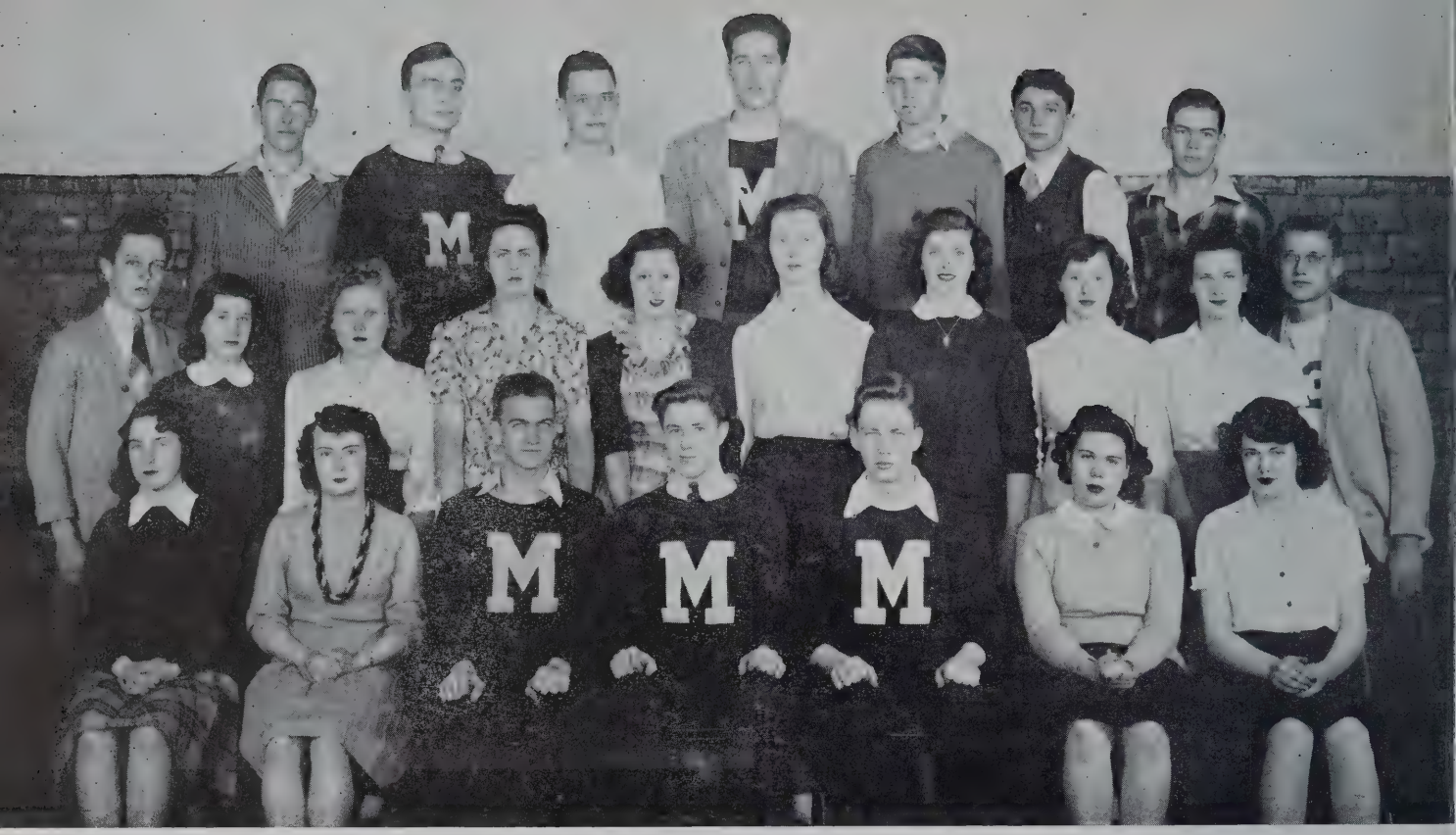
Our guest speaker of the evening, Senorita Flora Sibaja, native Costa Rican and student of Wheaton, gave an interesting and well delivered talk on her country. Later in the evening she led "La Conga."

It is the aim of the Pan American Club to know all that is possible of our neighbors to the south, so that we may live in peace and harmony forever. We are approaching this goal through the study of their language, their customs, and their history.

Los Cantores

Las Muchachas

Una Danza



Glee Club

Back Row—left to right—Alan Rockwood, Hubert Beals, Edward Sheldon, Richard Gallipeau, Calvin Chamberlain, John Pharmakis, Edward Bolton.
Middle Row—William Harrigan, Helena Wellman, Gladys Cahoon, Marian Chase, Sally Wills, Dorothy Rose, Muriel McCauley, Dorothy Washburn, Doris Williamson, Ronald Geddes.
Front Row—Grace Ward, Dorothy St. John, Fred Ienello, Robert Schofield, Brad Brown, Elinor La Belle, Janice Quinham.

Advisor—Miss Hazel Haddox

School Band

Back Row—left to right—Hubert Beals, Mario Gernamiani, Brad Brown, Calvin Chamberlain.
Middle Row—Barbara Barrows, Anthony Bruno, Russell Williamson, Edward Sheldon, Paul Shelboune, William Sheldon, Dent Williamson, Jr., Leah Brown.
Front Row—Frederick Williamson, Roger Dean, Martha Turner, Donald Sheldon, Charles Jones, Francis Repucci.

CLASS OF '44
IT'S NICE TO HAVE 'EM FLOATING AROUND.
BEST DRESSED BOY
MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
BEST DRESSED GIRL
BEST PERSONALITY
MOST GLAMOROUS
CLASS WIT
MOST ATHLETIC
JOHNNY WILL DROP IN SOON!
HM-M-M, IT'S RAINING.
I AIN'T GOT NO BODY
MOST POPULAR BOY
MOST POPULAR GIRL
BEST DISPOSITION
A. Emery

President . CHARLES R. ROCKWOOD
Vice-Pres. . JOHN E. VALLETT
Secretary . . JANELLE C. SWETT
Treasurer . BARBARA F. DUSTIN

Advisor . . MR. CERTUSE

"You haven't got the pep,
You haven't got the jazz,
You haven't got the team,
That Mansfield has."

Athletic

Sports

The membership of the Athletic Association includes the entire student body each of whom pays $1.10 per year, which enables the member to attend all home football, basketball, and baseball games free.

Football dances held after most of our games were always a social highlight to players and students alike. After each home Friday evening basketball game we once again enjoyed dancing. One notable accomplishment of the A. A. this year was the drawing up of a new constitution concerning the awarding of sweaters and letters to our athletes.

Through our funds the best equipment available is purchased for our teams, both girls and boys. It is the aim of the A. A. to create a keener school spirit and to further interest students in all school sports, either as a participant or as a highly enthused spectator.

Charles R. Rockwood

Association

Yea GREEN,
Yea WHITE!
Come on TEAM,
Let's FIGHT!

Our School Sports

will undoubtedly linger long in our memories. We who played can vividly recall various incidents which led to victory or defeat. You who watched us play can perhaps remember most of the games. Playing the game did much for us; there on the field of play, we learned how to "take it" and how "to dish it out." We saw through reality that teamwork was the main factor in becoming a winner or a loser. In many ways a game was like an important military engagement, where each side had been training their bodies and getting down their tactics to perfection. Another thing we learned the hard way was, that regardless of opinion, the best team always managed to win. Some may say it was the breaks that counted. Yes, but the better team always made their breaks and eventually capitalized on them. Most of us saw that it wasn't difficult to be both a scholar and an athlete by just giving up some little thing during the season. These benefits we got out of playing will help us build our character for the biggest and most important game of all, "Success," when our opponents are not eleven, not five, not nine fellows, but the world.

There is the lighter side. We had fun! Our Barber Shop Quartets, Nightingales, Swooners, and Crooners always made us forget our bumps and bruises after a hard practice or game. The comedianes will live forever; never a dull moment when they are around telling jokes of yesterday and today. Frequently one could hear Clem say, "Say, have you heard this one Willie?" We're getting ready for practice now—the shower room is buzzing with most of the fellows "batting the breeze" and getting a few attentive ears. Some of the boys swinging on the shower room pipes and others showing their chest expansions brought the jungles and Tarzan to our high school locker room.

Our paraphernalia on, our shoes shined, our hair combed, we were off for practice. Those of us who played football or baseball had a long tiresome walk to the park. Some of the more fortunate had the occasion to ride in Coach Certuse's puffing, sturdy 1937 Ford V-8. How the chaise has ever survived its numerous loads of humanity is a question which only Mr. Anthony could answer. To me it seemed to be the art and skill of the driver coupled with the poise and balance of the fellows standing on the running boards. And, Oh, yes, I must not forget the back seat drivers who peered through the burly, hairy, athletic legs of the fellows sitting on the roof. With our hearts in our mouths, a lump in our throat, a knock in our knees, we once again felt at ease as the big red building loomed ahead and our "Henry Ford creation" with the Coach at the wheel came to a three-point landing. Now we're all set for a well deserved shower after (as Clem would say it a la Durante) "I takes off my shoes, I takes off my stockings, I takes off my jersey, I takes off my pants, etc. and I jumps in the shower to wets and cleans myself." We're going to miss Janitor George and his good-natured complaining, telling the boys to keep the shower room ceiling free from spots a la football, basketball and baseball. It was during football season when George roared over the Bowl tragedy.

Mr. John Certuse, friend and coach to us all, will long be remembered by the Class of '44. His greatest ambition was to field a team, who whether they won, lost, or drew would always be hustling and fighting back until the final whistle had blown. He is greatly admired and respected by all of us. Some call him a "Magician" because of the teams he's produced with such little material. We also like to leave the Coach with this thought, "Here's hoping that that elusive spirit who is so successful in taking your keys, may be captured and put to death." All kidding aside, we, the Class of '44, say "So long and good luck to an "all-right guy." We'll be seeing you and your teams from the stands in years to come.

Another gentleman we miss is the late Doctor Griffin. He was a loyal rooter of Mansfield High School. It was he who examined us, took care of our bruises, bumps and breaks; it was he who helped organize our School Band; it was he who took a great interest in the youth of Mansfield High. The late witty "Doc" will long be remembered as the number one fan of Mansfield High School!

Frank J. Flammia

Bottom Row, left to right—Bert Merrill*, Richard Eldridge*, Don Huston*, Fred Ienello*, Willie Palanza*, Frank Flammia*, John Antosca*, Jack Vallett*, Ed Epstein*, Chili Rockwood*, Bill Nordberg*.

Middle Row, left to right—Coach Certuse, Manager Brad Brown*, Warner Rotherham*, Lester Epstein*, Richard Gallipeau*, Robert Schofield*, Randy Lodico*, Bob Eames*, Manager Ed Sheldon*.

Top Row, left to right—Ed Bolton, Carl Staples, Alan Rockwood, John Pharmakis.

Lettermen*

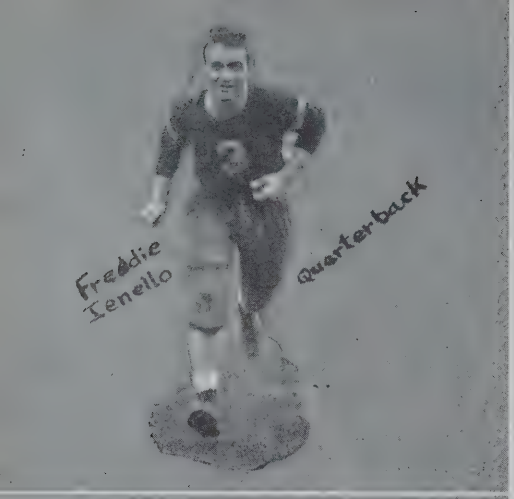
All Bristol County Team—John Antosca, first team guard; Frank Flammia, first team reserve lineman; Charles Rockwood, second team backfield.

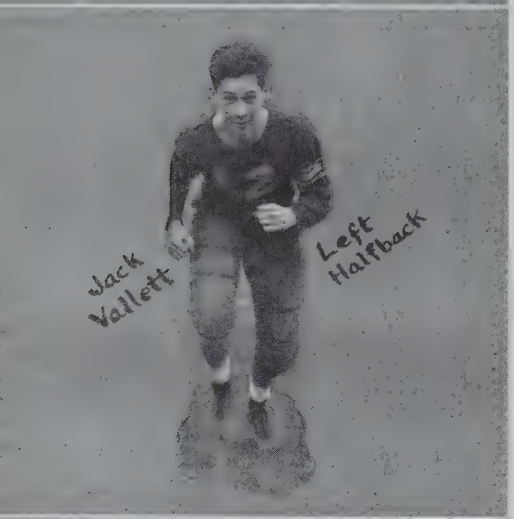
Football

Captain: Frank J. Flammia

Coach: John P. Certuse

Attleboro 0	Mansfield 0	Attleboro 7	Mansfield 0
Franklin 0	Mansfield 6	Coyle 19	Mansfield 0
Canton 12	Mansfield 13	No. Attleboro 0	Mansfield 20
Abington 7	Mansfield 0	Foxboro 6	Mansfield 26
North Easton 7	Mansfield 26	Taunton 12	Mansfield 0





Football

We won five, lost four, tied one with a squad which numbered only sixteen at the beginning of the season. Factors which made it a good football team were an understanding, hard working coach, who knew his business and a team willing to co-operate with him. Here's a summary of each game.

Attleboro, Here

We opened our season at the Memorial Park and before a large crowd played a scoreless tie with Attleboro. Most of the play took place in Attleboro's half of the field and thrice we were within their twenty-yard line but we failed to score.

Franklin, Here

The following Saturday we played a stubborn, hard-fighting and heavier Franklin team. After a scoreless first half, Chile Rockwood ran thirty-two yards to put the ball inside Franklin's ten yard line; from there, Jack Vallett scored the first touchdown of the season and we finally won 6-0.

Canton, There

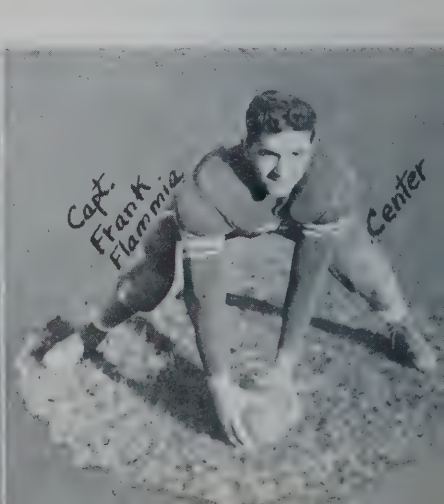
Our next game was with a "never say die" Canton club on Columbus Day. With our "T" working to a "T" we went ahead 13-0 at half time. Apparently the first half was too great a pace for us, for out of nowhere Canton came back fighting and was within one point of tying the game.

Abington, There

With just four days having passed since the hard Canton game, we were all set to play Abington High, undefeated in its last twelve starts. With feather-weight Jack Vallett carrying the ball and left footer Johnny Antosca getting off some high, long and beautiful punts we were able to hold Abington to one touchdown.

North Easton, Here

We won this one after a slight scare in the first half from a plucky, scrappy Oliver Ames team. With quarterback Fred



Highlights

Ienello leading the way with three touchdowns and passing to Willie Palanza for the other, we won 26-7.

Attleboro, There

In a return match with Attleboro High we were more than determined to beat them. Maybe our over-anxiety was the cause of the many fumbles, the penalties, and ejection of Capt. Flammia. As in the first game we had two chances to score but "muffed" them. Attleboro won the game with a Hayden to Stevens pass, 7-0.

Coyle, Here

Unfortunately we met Coyle on the day they were "hot", for they showed superiority in all departments beating us 19-0. A Mansfield boy, John Keane, attending Coyle, was the "straw that broke the camel's back." In the first minutes of play he galloped seventy yards to put his club ahead.

North, Here

With the weather fine for ducks, the field suitable for submarines, we welcomed a smart looking Red and White squad from North Attleboro to our spacious Memorial Park Aquarium. I guess we were the best sea-goers for we walloped North 20-0. The Mansfield players certainly seemed to appreciate the slimy sediment more than did the soaked spectators.

Foxboro, Here

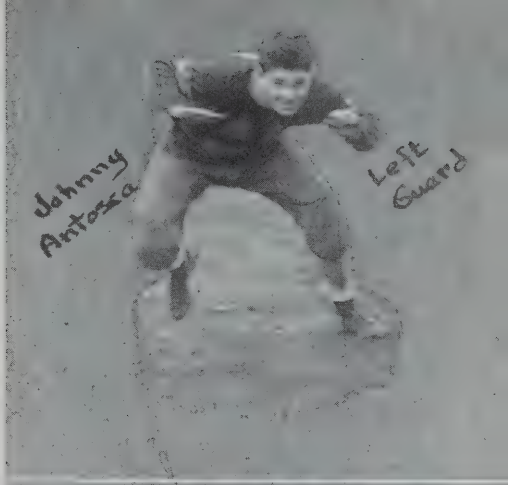
Our hapless friends in the neighboring community, Foxboro, were our next opponents. For four periods the Mansfield regulars toyed with Foxboro who scored their only touchdown against our scrubs. Chile Rockwood was our big gun, scoring four touchdowns.

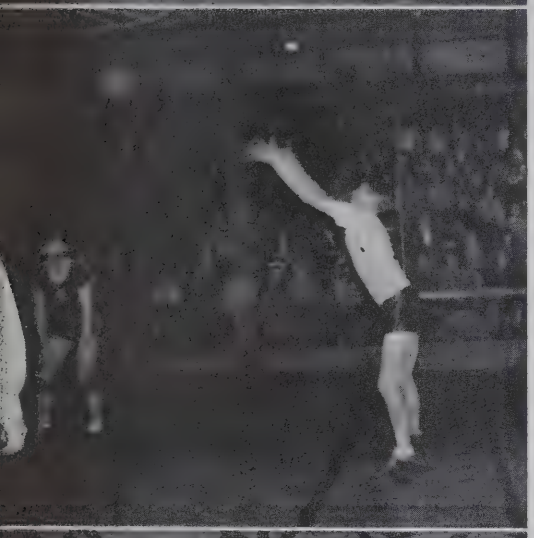
Taunton, There

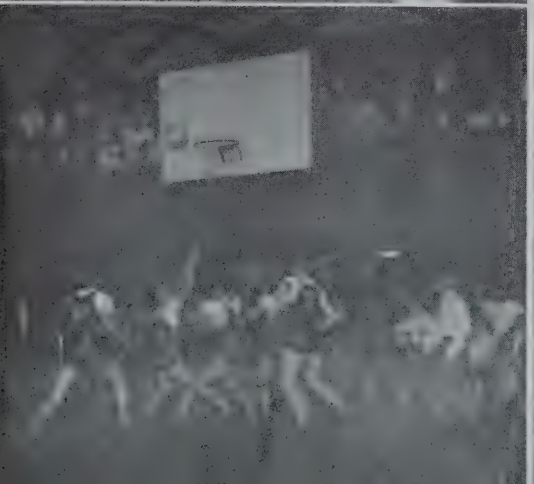
We played our final game with Tauton High on Thanksgiving morning. Two fumbles were the main factors in our defeat to a heavier club. We wore ourselves out in the first half, holding them scoreless. This game ended our season.

We seniors wish Coach Certuse and Capt. Don Huston all the luck in the world next year.

Louis D'Afile







Basketball

After a few weeks of strenuous practicing, brushing up on the fundamentals, improving our shooting, and getting into the best of condition we were set for our first basketball game. Our opponents were the Alumni and State Guard, each playing a half against us. We easily conquered the hard fighting, sportsmanlike veterans, 53-23.

Our second game was with Dighton High whose height and reach advantages were offset by our speed and cleverness on the court. After the smoke had cleared away (with two overtimes and a sudden death period) we found ourselves the tired victor 30-28 because of a neat set-shot basket by Fred Ienello.

We won our two games from Foxboro High by the scores of 22-16 and 24-10 respectively. In the first game we were pressed all the way by our opponent's "man to man" defense but once again Fred Ienello sparked his team to victory. We won the other game very easily, outplaying them with better floorwork and greater accuracy.

Losing two tough games to North Attleboro was certainly heart-breaking to us. The first was a see-saw scoring affair which found North the winner when the final whistle blew, 29-25. In the other engagement played in the Town Hall four of our regulars were ejected from the game because of personal fouls. This led to a disappointing 31-18 defeat.

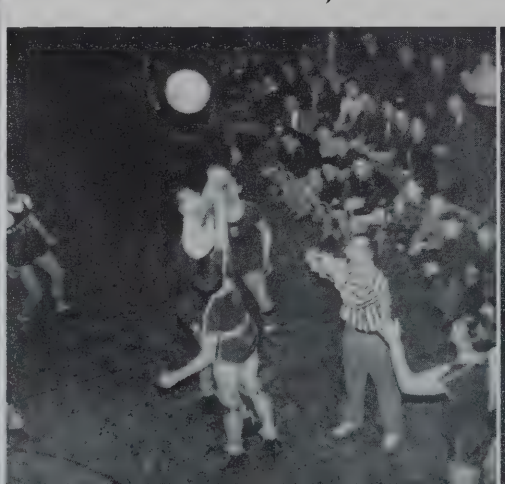
Our two games with Coyle High of Taunton were both lost by last stanza sprees by the close margins of 28-24 and 31-24. In both these games it was Captain "Buddy" Merrill who paced his teammates, sinking one-hand bucket shots.

Twice a more experienced Taunton High quintette rode roughshod over us by the scores of 36-22 and 50-31. In spite of defeat "Bill" Nordberg displayed some neat dribble and floorwork.

We were surprised by an aggressive, alert and most able North Easton and twice went down fighting to the better club, 26-21 and 35-28.

Mansfield at Attleboro: in this one we were out-played,

Heads up *Skirts...*



Highlights

out-passed and naturally outscored 49-14.

Our last two regular scheduled games were with a fast-starting, rugged and rangey Franklin team who twice got the best of us winning 44-29 and 43-23. We played some of our best basketball against Franklin.

The season was not over as yet, for we were entered in the South Shore Tournament in Class "B". We drew Pembroke High as our first opponents. We had the time of our lives trying to make the stubborn Pembroke club say "uncle" and it was only through senior "Bill" Nordberg's sixteen points that we were able to do so.

After overcoming our first obstacle in our bid for the Class "B" championship, we were put up against a good Hanover team. After a slow defensive first half we came to life and took a 21-12 lead with but three minutes to play. Our guess is that the fellows either began to see the trophy loom up in front of them or else were wondering who their next opponent would be for from nowhere and nohow Hanover emerged the victor 22-21, scoring their last basket with but eight seconds to play.

Bitterly admitting defeat and very downcast by being eliminated from the tournament, we were rejoicing once again when tourney officials informed Coach Certuse that Hanover was forced to forfeit their game to us because of their unwitting use of a player. This brought us to the semi-finals with Dartmouth High as our opponents. We were trailing 14-12 at half-time but with a spark of life through some neat one-hand pivot bucket shots by Buddy Merrill we were ahead 23-18 with but four minutes to play. Dartmouth then went ahead 25-23 sinking desperate shots from all parts of the floor. But Mansfield was not to be denied for Dick Eldridge dribbled up the middle and sank a neat bucket shot, only to have Dartmouth's six foot center duplicate his feat thus bringing victory to our opponents.

Throughout the season the diminutive Don Huston and the steady, dependable Dick Eldridge continually set up many scoring opportunities for a high scoring forward line.

Clem and Willie

Leisure time

Look out behind

Bottom Row, l. to r.—M. McCauley*, S. Wills*, V. Rathbun*, Capt. R. DeClemente*, M. Turner*, P. Dean*, I. Blandori*.
Middle Row, l. to r.—Coach Lewis, A. Amadei, G. Freeman, D. Hallett, B. Creedon*, M. MacDonald, Mgr. G. Ward.
Top Row, l. to r.—Manager H. Wellman, V. DeLong, E. Pescosolido, M. Vernon.
*Letter

North Attleboro 14	Mansfield 27	North Attleboro 18	Mansfield 34	Foxboro 26	Mansfield 19
Foxboro 31	Mansfield 24	Attleboro 34	Mansfield 8	North Easton 18	Mansfield 13
Attleboro 24	Mansfield 11	North Easton 23	Mansfield 9		

Girls' Basketball

Captain: Rena DeClemente Coach: Miss Priscilla Lewis

Led by Captain Rena DeClemente, our girls' basketball squad made a very creditable showing, considering this was the first year in many that the school has gone all-out for the sport.

Coach Lewis should be congratulated for the interest she has stirred up amongst the girls for the sport and most of all for the team's performance. Girls' basketball is definitely here to stay.

'Hoops, my dear

We're all here

Rena's in the clear

Back row, left to right—Coach Certuse, Seward Tuell, Albert Flammia, Donald Huston, Robert Merrifield, Jacob Adelstone, Bert Merrill, Jr., Edward Sheldon, Edward Bolton, Alex Uva.

Front row—Hubert Beals, Frank Flammia, Ronald King, Edward Epstein, Captain John Grundy, William Nordberg, John Antosca, Roger Buck.

Franklin 6	Mansfield 5	North Easton 5	Mansfield 9	Attleboro	Mansfield
Coyle 3	Mansfield 9	Coyle 6	Mansfield 5	North Easton	Mansfield
North Attleboro 2	Mansfield 6	North Attleboro 10	Mansfield 19	Foxboro	Mansfield
Attleboro 3	Mansfield 6	Foxboro 1	Mansfield 12	Taunton	Mansfield
Attleboro 4	Mansfield 6	Taunton	Mansfield	Franklin	Mansfield

Baseball

Captain: John Grundy Coach: John P. Certuse

As "Time Was" goes to press our baseball team has won 7 of 9 games. Coach Certuse looks forward to a very successful season.

It is an experienced club featured by the fine pitching of Senior Bill Nordberg and Junior Hubert Beals, a tight infield and outfield and good catching.

Hi Diddle Diddle *John's in the middle* *Conversing a little*

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you and your friends will prize the portrait that looks like you—your truest self, free from stage effects and little conceits. It is in this "long run" Photography that PURDY success has been won. Portraiture by the camera that one cannot laugh at or cry over in later years.

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Class of 1944

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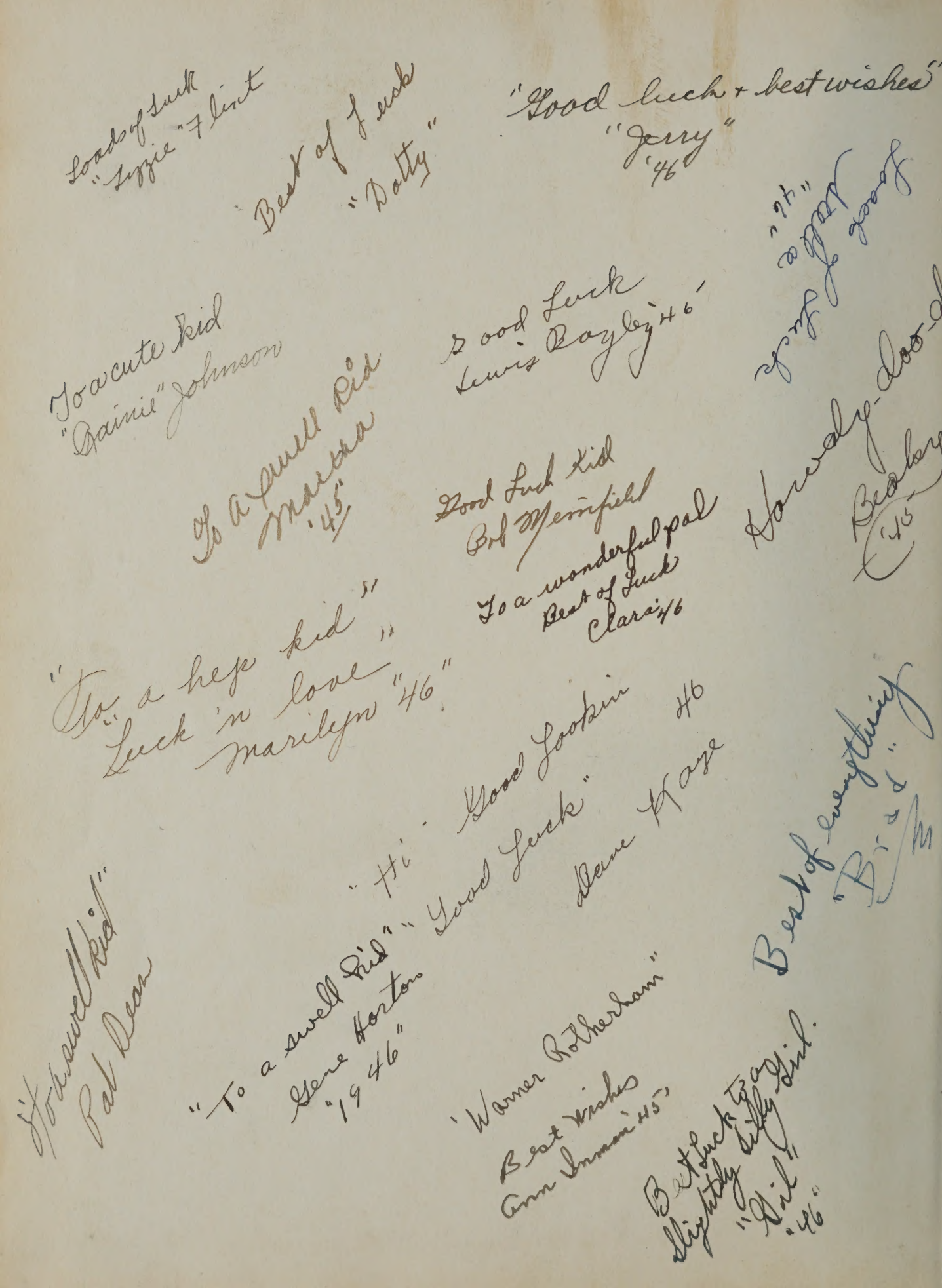
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Best of Luck
"Dotty"

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"Rainie" Johnson

To a swell Kid
Marion
'45

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To a wonderful pal
Best of Luck
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Love, Muriel '46

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Olga '46

To a swell kid
Albert P. Flammia
'45

Lots of Luck
B.H. Eames
'46

Best of luck
Bill
'45

To a swell underclassman
sweater girl
Love, Olga '46

Best of luck
Charlie Bolton
'46

To a swell underclassman
sweater girl
Love, Olga '46

Best of luck
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